

DAMASCUS: THE PEARL OF THE EAST (Illustrated).
COUNTY COUNCILS AND SOLDIERS' SETTLEMENTS.

COUNTRY LIFE

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MARSHAL FOCH.

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THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE

IT is a very great step in advance for the Germans to have asked for an armistice. Such an act is rightly interpreted as an admission that they are getting the worst of the war, and any realisation of that fact on the part of the German people will be generally welcomed. But the proposal set forth in the new Chancellor's communication to the President of the United States cannot be regarded with any satisfaction. Take the case of Belgium first. It was the infringement by Germany of the treaty guaranteeing it against attack, the setting of it aside as a scrap of paper, that brought Great Britain into the war. Prince Max of Baden practically admits the wrongfulness of entering upon a neutral country and waging war upon it for the sake of military convenience and without any other *casus belli*. But when a crime of that kind has been committed it is not sufficient for the criminal to say, as Prince Max does, that the neutral country will be abdicated and the question of indemnity "taken into consideration." The Germans have no right to be in Belgian territory at all, and the only earnest of their sincerity that can be admitted, as far as this case goes, is a complete evacuation. No self-respecting conference of the Allied nations could possibly enter into negotiations on any other basis. No terms can be discussed until the troops of the Kaiser are withdrawn and guarantees given that every act of pillage, every theft and every murder will receive compensation as far as compensation is possible.

This statement is equally true of the French territory overrun and held by the enemy. A moment's consideration

will show the extraordinary injustice of the proposals put forward. Germany, with her boundaries intact, has known nothing of the horror of invasion. No claim can be put forward for damages committed by those who have not crossed the frontier. France was invaded, not because of anything she had done, but as a necessary prelude to an attack on Great Britain. With England it is a question of dividing the spoils said Count Solf in 1914. France therefore is as innocent as Belgium; nevertheless, she has been subjected not only to the havoc inseparable from the conduct of war on her soil, but the wanton and hideous barbarity for which there is no justification in the usage of warfare among civilised peoples. Even at the moment when Prince Max was making these pacific overtures to President Wilson the smoke from a hundred fires was rising from Douai, Armentières, Cambrai and the other towns where the Germans were reacting to Allied pressure. Whole regions have been ravaged and turned into deserts in the manner that was thought atrocious nine hundred years ago when William the Conqueror laid waste a great part of England. There can be no sincerity in proposals which do not take into account the damage inflicted on France, not for military reasons, but only to satisfy the lust of revenge and to allay the disappointment of defeat.

A necessary preliminary to a peace conference must be the complete withdrawal of the German armies to the original boundaries of the Empire. At the moment when the discussion was going on in the Reichstag the French were drawing up a moving and much needed protest against this barbarity. The official statement of the French Government is as incontrovertible as it is touching. "Nothing is spared to the unfortunate inhabitants of our provinces. Torn brutally from their homes and their homesteads, deported in crowds, driven like herds of cattle before the retreating German armies, they see behind them their houses and factories pillaged and demolished, their schools and hospitals in flames, their churches blown up with dynamite, their gardens and plantations utterly laid waste. They meet with villages mined and roads sown with diabolical machines scientifically timed to explode and cause the maximum of murder among the refugees returning to their hearths and homes. To all these horrors is now added the bombing of hospitals and the cynical slaughter of the wounded." The civilised world will support the French Government in its declaration that the Germans who were responsible for these crimes must bear the consequences. They will be held responsible judicially and finally. In the case of Germany's Ally, Austria, an equally stern reply has been made to the order published by the *Allgemeine Tiroler Anzeiger* on September 9th. It was to the effect that airmen dropping manifestoes and proclamations should be held guilty of a crime punishable with death. Common-sense revolts against the classification of airmen who drop leaflets with officers and crews of submarines who sink "without trace" peaceable neutral ships and with those who were responsible for the murder of babies and women without the flimsiest pretext for serving any military end.

The French were perfectly right in declaring that should the measures so contrary to the most elementary laws of humanity be carried into execution against French airmen the French authorities would make reprisals which would apply the same penalty to double the number of Austrian officers who may fall into their hands. In the speech made by Prince Max there is not a syllable to acknowledge that the armies of Central Europe have not fought like gentlemen. All the outrage and cold-blooded murder is ignored. These things certainly do not help to make an atmosphere conducive to peace, and account for the scepticism with which the note to President Wilson was received in every Allied country, and particularly in our own. Fortunately, President Wilson has not shown himself of the stuff which can be changed by easy proposals such as these. The countries of the world are all longing for peace, but unless peace is built upon a very different basis from that foreshadowed by the new German Chancellor it is felt that the horrors of war would all have to be undergone once more as soon as Germany felt in a position to fight again for her dream of world domination.

Our Frontispiece

WE reproduce as our frontispiece this week Sir William Orpen's portrait of Marshal Foch, whose brilliant command of the Allied Armies in Europe has so quickly evoked the German cry for an armistice.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY



NOTES

GERMANY is in the position of a player who with the championship of the world at stake offers a draw to his opponent. Such things have been done when the contest was one of skill in a pastime. On these occasions it has invariably been the case that he who offers a draw is conscious of weaknesses that will bring about his defeat should his opponent be cognisant of them. But there is a great deal in the latter clause. Many a player has refused to accept the draw and lost afterwards. The moral is that the business of the Entente Powers just now should not be that of exulting over the German confession or bringing charges of hypocrisy against Prince Max, but of endeavouring to place an unerring finger on the weak spot which has brought about this appeal. Probably the man most capable of doing that at the moment is Marshal Foch. He has already proved himself the closest observer and the keenest to draw the right inference from his observation. Next to him we are inclined to place President Wilson, if only for the reason that he is at once a participator in the struggle and one who is placed so far away from the centre of disturbance that he has the advantage of being one of those spectators who proverbially see most of the game. That he would refuse the draw was a foregone conclusion which followed from the consistence of his previous declarations. He has refused to submit the proposal to the Allies with whom he is associated till the invaded districts are evacuated. The fall of Cambrai gives the right punctuation to his reply.

SOME uneasiness is being felt at the increased quantities of food now eaten. The supply of food is not more than is needed for the winter, but an impression has got abroad that it has been largely increased, and no doubt there has been a greater freedom of consumption. This, in part, was due to the premature rejoicing and satisfaction over what was thought to be one of the most bountiful harvests ever garnered in Great Britain. It had, indeed, the potentiality of becoming so, but the weather, with its usual caprice, became unfavourable at the critical moment, and a vast quantity of cereals, particularly in the North Midlands, the North of England and Scotland, have been either rendered unfit for human food altogether or seriously deteriorated. The effect of the tempestuous rains has not been fully realised by the public. Moreover, the mere fact that the half-quartern loaf is sold for 4½d. inspires more confidence than is warranted. People do not realise that this cheap loaf is secured by a Government subsidy, which was estimated at the beginning to amount to £40,000,000 a year and has since been reported by the Select Committee on National Expenditure to be rising, so that it would be safe to reckon its reaching £60,000,000 a year. This gigantic sum must come out of the pocket of the taxpayers; but the process is involved and the public do not fully realise it.

WHILE pointing this out it should also be said most emphatically that those who have sojourned in various parts of the country and have given their attention to food consumption in many districts are struck by the new and admirable spirit of economy which pervades the provinces. Perhaps it is most marked in first-class hotels, where we have found the meals arranged on a basis of strict rations, oatmeal being used in the morning to save the consumption of bread at breakfast, potatoes and vegetables in plenty being put

down at lunch and dinner to make the meat allowance go as far as possible, and luxuries of every kind cut off. It is very difficult, for instance, to obtain jam at all in hotels of this character. On the other hand, such little places as have made a reputation for providing plenty of good food somehow manage to do so yet, and probably there is more waste there than in the larger establishments. It is the same with the private houses. In a large mansion meals are usually arranged with strict regard to the economy of food. Organisation seems to be easier than in lesser houses. There is more rebellion against the simplicity of fare which patriotism demands at the moment, but, even then, nothing like the wasteful extravagant eating which was common before the war is taking place. This is all to the good, but it does not militate against the fact that for the last two or three months there has been a considerable amount of relaxation in regard to the strictness of diet which previously had been regarded as incumbent upon everyone. When the facts of the case are known, the population may be trusted to save food as much as possible. They will recognise that it is better to do that than to have to make a choice between the alternatives of rationing or less wholesome bread.

IN reference to the question of reclamation, while travelling in the country for other purposes than that of enquiring into it, we have recently come across evidence of the liveliest interest being taken in its possibilities. This, to some extent, has been stimulated by the work done by allotment holders. These men, when given a chance to deal with land usually regarded as waste or very nearly worthless, have succeeded in a wonderful way in producing crops within an almost incredibly short space of time. The working man who gets on to the land in autumn makes a very bold attempt, and generally a successful one, to assure a crop for the next autumn, and farmers who have observed this process going on are not slow to draw the obvious conclusion. If a man without special knowledge or acquaintance of modern methods is able by hard spade work and the use of any kind of manure that he can lay hands on to turn waste into productive soil, it is surely open to those possessed of capital to operate profitably on a very much larger scale. And they are preparing to do so. It is undesirable at this moment to mention localities, but in a number of widely separated places farmers are acquiring neglected land for the purpose of making a bold attempt to turn it into remunerative soil. We have noticed that those who do so are, as a rule, those of the most energetic and successful type. A few have succeeded in making money out of another business and taken to farming quite recently. They are surprised at the results and are naturally keen to increase their sphere of activity on the easiest terms they can make.

A HEBRIDEAN EXILE'S EPISTLE TO THE UIG HILLS.

Blue hills that rise against the evening sky,
So clearly cut against the paling blue,
You hear the golden plover's plaintive cry,
The grouse's call and curlew's whistle; you
Can feel the clean, peat-scented breezes blow
Across the lone moors stretching to the sea—
The moors where cotton-grass and heather grow,
Oh! far blue hills, I'd give the world to be
In your place now, and hear the Arctic terns'
Shrill voices mingling with the breakers' roar,
To hear the spate song of the sunlit burns,
And smell the sea-pinks blooming by the shore.
O'er the lone isle I love and bade good-bye
For ever, on that evening years ago,
Blue hills that rise against the evening sky!
Keep watch, in summer's sun, in winter's snow.

S. H.

AS our readers know, this journal has always stood for increasing the rural population of the country. This makes it necessary to remove any misapprehension that may arise in regard to the article which appears in another part of the paper over the familiar signature "Ploughshare." In substance we entirely agree with what is said. In any adequate after-the-war agricultural policy increased production must be the first and most important item. Put in another way, the cultivation must everywhere become more intensive so as to yield a greater return to the cultivator. But this observation applies chiefly to the medium and large farms. We are not sure that an increased use of machinery need necessarily be followed by a diminution of the agricultural labourer. An enterprising farmer will deal with many crops so as to supply as many markets as possible, and in

a number of them he will find that far from reducing the number of his hands it will pay him to employ still more, because to ensure the best results hand labour must come in at least as supplementary to mechanical labour, and we have to remember, too, that the food of the country is not wholly comprised in cereals and meat. For a long time to come, at any rate, we will have to depend more than ever we have done before on native-grown fruit and vegetables. Even in the cultivation of these, machinery is likely to be employed much more freely in the future than in the past, but after that is done there will be plenty of occupation for human hands in raising the returns of fruit and vegetables to the highest point. We have only to look at Holland and Belgium to see that intensiveness of cultivation leads to an increase in the density of population in agricultural districts. "Back to the land," therefore, remains a very wholesome motto, and is not in the slightest degree opposed to the most liberal employment of agricultural machinery.

FOR the following charming note about Damascus we are indebted to a correspondent. "Nothing is more entertaining than to wander at one's will among the bazaars of Damascus: such experiences are to be had—sometimes they are dearly bought—in any Oriental city. But to step out from a dark passage in the Seed Bazaar into a grand mediæval building which now serves as a store for manifold kinds of merchandise was, to me, a complete surprise. You find yourself in a soaring marble hall, resting on four piers which support nine domes and is called the Khan of As'ad Pasha. In beauty and colour it challenges comparison with the best parts of Siena Cathedral, recalling its alternate layers of invisible green and soft white marble. But the harmony of the Khan of Damascus is more complete. The water of the central basin is worthy of Styx, and there is a great feeling of neglect and squalor; but the scale, the proportions, the variety of the architecture demand a worthier reproduction than I can give. I believe the Khan was repaired in the eighteenth century, and I was told it was built in the seventeenth. But another account says it was built a hundred and fifty years ago. No doubt someone can speak with authority. It is certainly a gem of architecture."

IF doubts as to the future that awaits aviation as a means of travel still linger, there is no better way of dissipating them than by a flight over London in one of the enormous machines that are being employed to such good effect over the Rhine. The writer, who had never flown before, took such a trip in a long-distance, night-flying, weight-carrying Handley-Page a few days ago. What stood out before every other impression was the extraordinary absence of physical sensation. There was no sense of movement, no feeling of insecurity, but one of great stability; nothing of the giddiness one associates with being at a great height and looking down. Most remarkable of all was the effect of the much-dreaded "banking," when the machine is inclined at a steep angle in turning. The only difference it made was that instead of the landscape being laid out below, it became, for all the world, as a picture leant against a wall. No longer was it necessary to lean over to watch, but neither was it necessary to hold on tight. You just stand full weight on your feet and enjoy the view. But for all the excitement that belongs to a novel experience it is very plain that long-distance travelling by aeroplane is going to be a dull and tedious business; for it is travelling robbed of the sensations of travel and rapid movement. We have all heard stories of pilots falling asleep: the wonder is they manage to keep awake. There is nothing to disturb the most timid of old ladies. An aeroplane indeed is the ideal place for an afternoon nap.

MISS COCHRANE'S letter on rural housing only illustrates the difficulty there is in getting a new idea into her head. She misses the whole point of the article. This has been so clearly set forth by our contemporary, the *Architect*, in its issue of September 28th that we cannot do better than, after omitting the complimentary references to what was said, print our contemporary's comments: "It is pointed out that a country impoverished by war and the huge incidental burden of taxation is in no position to provide the £125,000,000 to £100,000,000 additional expenditure which would be the cost of the schemes proposed, in addition to which there is a large amount of costly work in connection with roads, drains and bridges which must be coped with. The writer makes the suggestion that the problem should be split up into its component parts and then solved on a businesslike basis. The roadmen employed by the District Councils should, if necessary, be housed by those authorities, who would adjust the wages paid if they provided accommodation in addition.

Then the rural houses used by 'week-enders' should revert to their original purpose, and the farmers and other employers of local labour be made responsible for the housing of the permanent labour employed by them. This would be no hardship to a class of men who have coined money during the war and who look forward to doing well in the future, while they, like the local authorities, would take the accommodation provided into consideration in fixing wages. The writer says that the overcrowded village is usually a consequence of the ill-housed farm, an assertion which is probably perfectly true. If the problem were dealt with on these lines there would be little need for the heroic measures so dear to the enthusiastic politician who shows his practicality chiefly in the means he takes to secure the right to add to his other honours the sacred letters 'M.P.'"

MISS COCHRANE would probably achieve her own point more easily if she would fall in with the scheme here described. If the farms were well supplied with dwellings for their labourers who are continually employed from year's end to year's end, and who find it inconvenient to live at a distance, the problem of the village slum would be very much reduced in dimensions, and could, therefore, be more easily dealt with. This breaking up of one big question into several parts opens the way to a practical solution of the difficulties which have confronted Miss Cochrane in the work with which her name is honourably associated.

THE BADGER.

The badger has a dug-out home and there he lives all day,
And dozes till the night time in a restless sort of way,
But when the sun has disappeared, and all is still and dark,
He climbs up from his bracken bed and listens to the bark
Of lonely dog-fox, and the sounds of little feet that creep,
And ghostly hoot of tawny owl that's just aroused from sleep;
With questing snout he sniffs the air, and round about doth peer
To make it certain ere he starts there is no danger near,
Then off he waddles with a groan like a disgruntled bear
That indigestion's cruel pangs have driven from his lair.
I would not class the badger with the evil tempered beasts,
For he romps with Mrs. Badger and he chortles when he feasts,
He'll fight when he is forced to, but he isn't fond of strife,
And the only thing he longs for is to live a quiet life,
So it's not at all surprising that he grumbles now and then
When he thinks of how he's worried by terrier dogs and men.
He doesn't court attention, and yet a cruel fate
Has marked the badger as a beast to harass and to bait.
When he has dug himself well in, men gather round about,
With gibe and jeer, with spade and beer they try to dig him out.
And so his nerves are jumpy, and he's restless when he sleeps,
And that is why he grunts and growls as through the wood he creeps.

F. C. G.

BY a regrettable oversight in the note on our frontispiece of September 28th the residence of Captain Michael Erskine Wemyss was described as Castle Wemyss. In some cases the inversion would not very greatly signify, but in this it means much indeed. Wemyss Castle, as our readers need hardly be told, is the name of the very ancient residence of the Wemyss family, one, too, with great historical associations. Mary, Queen of Scots, first saw Darnley there, and in the house is a very fine silver dish with the date 1200 on it, which was given by the King of Norway of that date when Michael Wemyss went over to bring back the Princess of Norway to marry the King of Scotland. These are a few of the facts about Wemyss Castle, but Castle Wemyss is a modern residence on the Clyde and has no connection whatever with the ancient family of Wemyss.

IN the report read at a recent meeting of the Royal English Arboricultural Society it was stated that in view of the building programme and other large developments relating to reconstruction the demand for hard wood is likely to increase, and members should be prepared for extensive developments. Lord Barnard, in a very able speech, described the steps that are contemplated for the purpose of meeting this emergency. He attached considerable importance to the decision of the Council under the guidance of Major Courthope, M.P., President-Elect, to form a committee of members of both Houses of Parliament who are interested in forestry. They could meet together in case of need in order to prevent themselves from being taken by surprise by any new proposal and, generally speaking, to promote the interests of forestry. The plain duty of every landowner is to join the society and use it for the purpose of getting their grievances removed.

Lord Barnard expressed himself positively about the growing importance of commercial timber. Major Courthope dealt chiefly with the question of commons. The objection to these does not come so much from the lord of the manor as the commoner, but means have been found on the Continent of getting over the difficulty, and we feel sure that if afforestation was to be carried out in friendly combination with the work of reclaiming the land there would be no difficulty about the commoners. At all events, it is most certain that on the action taken during the next two or three years will depend the supply of timber available for the next generation.

THOSE who have had occasion to travel in different parts of England recently have been struck by the extraordinary changes on the landscape. Where the passenger looked from the carriage window at great plantations he very frequently now sees only tree stumps and the debris left after felling. Should he, in moving about, fall into

conversation with those engaged in the task he will find that here the contract is carried out to cut and remove eighty acres, there a hundred, and at another place three hundred, and in at least one instance brought to our attention four hundred acres of woodland. Lovers of natural beauty are inclined to lament this transformation, but those who have taken the trouble to know something about the facts of the case know that grumbling is idle. War has brought us face to face with many ugly necessities, and it may perhaps in the end result that the one we are contemplating at present may lead to advantage in the future. The contraction of shipping and the needs of the war have combined to cause such a demand for timber as has not been experienced in this country before. The great thing is that adequate preparations should be made to meet future wants, for it is most clear and evident that even if peace were declared to-morrow the scarcity, and consequently the high prices, would continue.

DAMASCUS: THE PEARL OF THE EAST

NO more convincing proof could be given of the re-establishment of British prestige in the Orient than the splendid reception which was accorded to the troops of General Allenby when they entered Damascus. There was joy on every side. The inhabitants threw off the taciturnity with which the Arab usually meets the most surprising incident. The inhabitants shut their shops and made a holiday, put on their festival dresses and reckoned the day as the greatest in the long history of their city. The feat of arms performed by General Allenby had delighted as much as it surprised them. Of the English power they were not unaware, but groaning as they have done for many generations under the cruel government of the Turk they little expected that by a series of brilliant victories ending with a cavalry advance of a hundred and fifty miles in a fortnight, with the capture of 79,000 prisoners, the demolition of the Turkish army in Syria, the English would be able to enter that strange old city. Hatred of the German runs as keenly as hatred of the Turk. General Liman von Sanders had indeed esteemed discretion the better

part of valour and scuttled off to Aleppo four days before. Those of his soldiery who did not get away were glad to be taken prisoners in order to avoid the fury of the populace. Mr. Massey, in his excellent account of the entry, tells how the Turks raced the Germans in their hurry to surrender.

The capture of Damascus was indeed an event of capital importance in the war. Along with the capitulation of Bulgaria it marked the end of the Kaiser's project of bringing all that part of the East under German influence. For 600 years the Turks have reigned in Damascus, and it is only the persistent vitality of that city which has been able to survive the long domination. Extortion and repression which have ruined so many places under Turkish rule have not been able to subdue utterly the spirit of Damascus. Indeed, looking back into the astonishing history of that town, one is almost tempted to credit it with a live personality of its own, a something that kept it alive in spite of tribulations that brought ruin elsewhere. Its age no one knows. Josephus dated it from the Flood, finding its origin in Uz, the son of



DAMASCUS FROM ABOVE, SHOWING THE ROOFS OF THE BAZAARS.

Aram and the grandson of Noah. Even in hoary antiquity we catch glimpses of it lying green and splendid by the immemorial hills. Its name has become familiar to all Christian countries by its frequent mention in the Bible. From time to time it had many rivals, among them Tyre being one of the earliest. But Tyre is swept away and forgotten, and Damascus lives on. It was captured in the fourteenth century in circumstances of unspeakable cruelty

the inscription declaring that he to whom the gates of so many cities were opened would not find that of Heaven shut. After his death it was captured by the Mongolians and was conquered by the Turkish Sirdar Selim, becoming a city of the Ottoman Empire in 1516. In more recent history it was captured by Ibrahim Pasha in 1832, revolted in 1834, and became subject to the Turks again in 1840. But these are only a few incidents in a long and stirring history. Modern



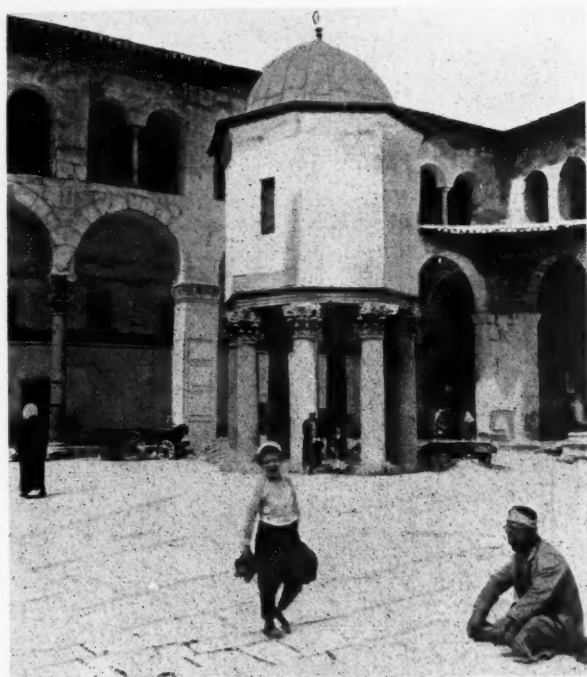
THE OLD KAHN.

by Timûr, whom Marlowe showed on the stage driving the princelings he had conquered, "the galled jades of Asia," at twenty miles an hour, arousing the laughter of Shakespeare and, nearer our day, of the gentle Elia.

Another name common to English story is that of Saladin, who two centuries before Timûr made Damascus his headquarters during the Crusades, and whose tomb bears

Damascus would be considered a large city in any country of the world, it having a population of somewhere between 154,000 and 225,000, and beautifully situated at the foot of Anti-Lebanon, 200ft. above the sea.

The majority of modern visitors would probably first of all ask where were the rivers mentioned by Naaman when Elisha sent a messenger to him to go and wash in Jordan:



THE GREAT Umayyad MOSQUE, THE GRANDEST OF ALL MOHAMMEDAN BUILDINGS.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" The rivers are there still, though the names have changed. The river Barada, which is identified with Abana, arises in the Anti-Lebanon and, after a ten-mile course in a narrow channel, spreads like a fan over the plain, to be finally lost in the marshlands known as the Meadow Lakes. Then the Awaj pursues a similar course, so that the plain is well watered and exceedingly fertile.

The greatest building in Damascus, and probably the greatest Mohammedan building in the world, was the Umayyad Mosque. Originally a Christian Church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, it was transformed into a mosque by Caliph Walid I. The stories of its building read like ancient fable. Eighteen shiploads of gold and silver were sent to it from Cyprus. It had 600 golden lamps hung on golden chains.

So much lead was required for the roof that the very tombs had to be ravaged in order to find it. Nothing was left to tell of its Christian origin except the inscription over the door, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." But this magnificent mosque was destroyed by fire on October 14th, 1893, and its antiquities to a large extent were lost; so that the glory of it departed and little was left to suggest what must have been there when the Caliph, refusing to look at the accounts brought to him on eighteen laden mules, ordered that they should be burned, and said to the inhabitants: "Men of Damascus, you possess four glories above other people; you are proud of your water, your air, your fruits, your baths; your mosque shall be your fifth glory." The architecture of the mosque was Byzantine in style, and the craftsmen who built it were brought from



THE COURTYARD OF THE Umayyad MOSQUE.



RETURN OF THE MECCA PILGRIMAGE TO DAMASCUS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY.

Constantinople, while the old columns were stolen from many of the Syrian towns. But if little of the archaic is left at Damascus, it still retains the beauty which has characterised it throughout all ages of its existence. Set on both sides of the river and with sixty miles of fruit fields around, it is

no wonder that it should remain a delight to the Eastern eye accustomed to the arid desert. The older part of the town is on the right bank and the suburbs El Amara and El-Salihia on the left. It is still famous for its waters, springs and fountains.

COUNTY COUNCILS & SOLDIERS' SETTLEMENTS

IT is recognised by those who, from an unofficial point of view, are thinking over the means of settling soldiers on the land, and, in fact, the whole of the small holdings question, that it would be wholesome to have a little more daylight thrown on the deliberations of those in authority. Secrecy in politics is often a very grave mistake. It should be recognised that the only way in which the acquiescence of democracy can be gained is by making it a party to any resolutions that are taken. The controversial point at the present moment is a very simple one. It resolves itself into the question whether County Councils shall or shall not be empowered to borrow money for the purpose of acquiring land to divide up into small holdings for ex-Service men. There is no desire on the part of any responsible personage to under-rate the considerations which are making the Treasury very chary about yielding this point. As Mr. Prothero said the other day to the Cheshire farmers, "after the war we shall be a poor country."

County Councils for more than four years have had to curtail much expenditure that was thought to be necessary in the old days, and when peace comes there are many arrears of work to be made up, which all means expenditure and, to some extent, borrowing. Moreover, cheap money will not be available, so that there are many weighty reasons in support of the very conservative policy; but whether they apply to the land or not is at least open to argument. In the first place it should be determined, as far as possible, to what extent the value of land is likely to be increased or diminished in the future.

If the prices be going down, then we fear very little can be said in favour of purchasing, because the edifice now being built should be constructed for all time; that is to say, it should stand on a sound financial basis. In other words, it should not be supported by money drawn from rates and taxes. There could be no lasting arrangement on a basis like that. But there is much to say for the contention that the value of land is likely to grow for many

years, perhaps for several generations, to come. In fact, it has not yet reached the level of the years previous to 1875. From the records of estate agents and others, and from the testimony of men who laid the foundations of their future success by buying land in or about the middle of last century, it is agreed that the price of good agricultural land used to run from £60 to £100 per acre. At the present moment only very exceptional plots would be worth that price. Soil adapted to the cultivation of fruit or to market gardening generally commands a much higher figure, but at the moment agricultural land can be obtained at from £40 to £50 an acre. Still, we do not mention these figures because of any idea that they could be applied absolutely. Each field has its own demerits or possibilities, and the only satisfactory method must be one in which each individual bargain is checked.

Assuming that the County Council is constituted the body to carry out schemes for settling soldiers on the land and that the embargo on borrowing is taken off, the question would remain as to the most appropriate method for ensuring that only reasonable and advantageous purchases were made. Here the Board of Agriculture might play a very useful part. It is obviously ill fitted for the work now devolving upon it of running the Crown Colonies. The Board, as a matter of fact, is getting into the position of a very great landowner, owning properties in widely separated parts of the world, and, what is more, farming them. It is the Board that is held responsible for the agricultural work at Patrington, Holbeach and various other places. Without in any way finding fault with the actual work, it may be pointed out that this is putting the Board in an entirely false position. Anyone would see that at once if, say, the Board of Trade were to enter upon a commercial basis. The Board of Agriculture's chief duty should be advisory and administrative. It has always had in its service valuers who are recognised as expert and enjoy the confidence of farmers. Therefore it would not be at all difficult to throw on the Board of Agriculture responsibility

for ascertaining that each bargain was proved to be a business-like and sound undertaking before it was concluded. In that there would be no difficulty. The experts of the Board are thoroughly competent to judge of the money value of any small holding in Great Britain, and their decision would be more acceptable than that of a local man. Obviously if

the work were carried out in this way each acquisition would be worth the money paid for it so that the County Councils would not need to call on the rates or any other source for help. The money borrowed would be represented by money's worth, and, therefore, the purchaser could not be poorer by the Act.

THE USES OF FARM WEEDS--II

IN a previous article some account was given of the part that weeds have played in providing material for dyes, food, drink and medical purposes. This list, however, is by no means exhausted, and some of the most valuable plants are yet to be described, including several that are still largely used commercially. One of the worst weeds on light soil in Britain is spurrey (*Spergula arvensis*), which is often so rampant that it threatens to smother the crops. For some reason it is nowadays regarded merely as a pest in this country, its value being entirely overlooked, but abroad it is recognised as a valuable fodder, and is cultivated for that purpose. In the Low Countries two crops a year are often obtained, the first being usually made into hay, the second, which is sown after the rye is harvested, providing green food for the cattle through part of the winter. Animals are very fond of spurrey and fatten well on it, while it increases the production of eggs if fed to hens. The plant seeds very freely and the bruised seeds are said to be very good for cattle food, and to equal rape cake in that respect.

The pestilential couch grass (*Triticum repens*) provides excellent fodder when the creeping rhizomes are cultivated, cut and dried. Cattle have been known to help themselves when shut up in a field containing a rick of couch grass, demolishing the entire stack in a short time, although none was ever fed to them. Incidentally the rhizomes can be manufactured into a starchy powder closely resembling arrowroot, which is quite good for human food, and it has even been suggested that it might be profitable to cultivate couch grass in remote districts!

The common gorse or furze constitutes one of the most useful forage plants in many places. The green shoots are very nutritious, but owing to their prickly nature require to be pounded or crushed. This is often done with a mallet and block, especially in North Wales, where gorse is much used for feeding horses. Horses are said to prefer it to either hay or corn, but as it is very fattening it is less suitable for animals that are required to do much heavy work. Mountain sheep often thrive better on this prickly stuff than they do on the finest grass, and in the Scilly Islands the ponies subsist almost entirely on the gorse on the hills. Furze is also very good for cattle, which are fattened on it and give increased quantities of excellent milk. The usefulness of this weed is not limited to its feeding value. It burns well and strongly, giving out great heat, and is in great demand for making faggots for heating the great bread ovens. In earlier times it was also much used in lime burning, but other kinds of fuel have now largely supplanted it. The ash is of fine quality and forms an excellent manure for the land, as it contains a large proportion of alkali, and for the same reason it makes a good lye, and has even been worked up into balls with clay for use instead of soap. Gorse makes thick hedges if it is kept well clipped, the one disadvantage being that it is apt to be cut by frost, although it grows well near the sea, even though it is reached by the salt spray.

Many weed seeds are of an oily nature, and in some cases the oil is abundant enough to be worth extracting. Spurrey seeds contain a good deal, which is obtained by expression, and oil of mustard can be won from the seeds of charlock and wild mustard, though it is obtained more abundantly from the cultivated plants. Gold of pleasure (*Camelina sativa*), a rather infrequent English weed, is much cultivated abroad for the sake of its oil, and two crops a year are garnered in Southern Europe. The oil has very little smell and burns with a bright flame, but it is chiefly used by soapmakers and in the manufacture of woollen goods. As the seeds contain so much oil they are very fattening for poultry and geese, which eat them readily. Poppy seeds yield a very fine oil which can easily replace olive oil for culinary purposes, as it is particularly sweet and bland, and it is also much valued by artists.

The toughness or wiriness of the stems of some weeds is usually due to the presence of fibre, which has often been turned to account. The fibres of common stinging nettle adapt themselves to the manufacture of anything from fine sewing cotton to stout ropes. The ancient Egyptians wove them into textile fabrics, and in Piedmont, in Italy, nettle fibre is converted into very white linen-like cloth of superior quality. Nettles have long been used for rope-making, and they still provide the dwellers in Siberia with their cordage and fishing tackle. The stems of gold of pleasure are very tough and durable, making excellent thatch, but they are also used for purposes for which a coarse fibre is necessary, as in the manufacture of brooms, sackcloth, packing paper and sail cloth. Rushes, which are so cosmopolitan in habit, were probably used for making the first cordage, and in some countries they still supply ropes and cables. They are often twisted together into ties for hurdles. Owing to their pliable nature, rushes are most suitable for making mats and chair

bottoms, and they work up well into baskets, from coarse fishing baskets to dainty ladies' gear. Before candle-making reached its modern state of perfection, with plaited cotton for wicks, the pith of the humble rush was used for the wicks; hence the name rushlights for the candles of our forefathers. Bracken is another weed possessing tough, fibrous stems, which render it suitable for thatch, as it is very durable. Sedges of various kinds are among the most useful fibre-producing weeds. In Kent the leaves of the larger kinds were at one time used for fastening hop vines to the poles. The Laplanders prepare a flaxy fibre from the sedges to protect their hands and feet in winter, while the Italians turn them to account in a variety of ways, making them into bottoms for chairs and into covers for flasks of Florence oil, in addition to stuffing them into the crevices of casks to prevent leaking.

In the processes of some manufactures certain weeds play an important part owing to the fact that they are peculiarly fitted to produce some special effect in the article being made. The most familiar instance of this is the teasel, though this is not strictly a "farm weed." The heads of the teasel are provided with numerous hooks, which are better adapted to raising the nap on cloth than any machinery that has yet been invented, and "fuller's teasels" are consequently in great request. The round, bun-shaped seeds of fat-hen (*Chenopodium album*) are pressed into the damp hide that is being made into shagreen leather, and aid in the production of the characteristic pitted appearance of that article. Other weeds contain tannin, and have been used in the preparation of leather. In the Western Isles of Scotland and in the Orkneys the roots of tormentil (*Potentilla tormentilla*) are considered to be superior to oak bark for tanning purposes. The roots are boiled in water and the liquor allowed to get cold before the leather is steeped in it. The roots of the allied creeping potentilla (*Potentilla reptans*) have been similarly used. The seeds of some of the plantains are surrounded with a layer of mucilage that is peculiarly well fitted for stiffening up some types of woven material, as muslins, and they are used for this purpose by manufacturers.

Some weeds are utilised in distinctly quaint and unexpected ways, determined by special peculiarities of the plants. The seed of the wild oat is provided with a bent awn and numerous hairs, which give it the appearance of a fly, so that country folks often use it when fishing for trout. The various species of horsetail abound in hard mineral substances which make them suitable for polishing metal or hard wood, and they are much used by dairymaids in the North Country for cleansing milk pails. One variety has frequently been exported to this country from Holland under the name of Dutch rushes, finding a ready market on account of its value as a polishing agent.

Coltsfoot leaves, especially on the under side, are covered with white cottony down, which used to be rubbed off and made into a splendid tinder by being dipped into a solution of saltpetre and dried in the sun. Sometimes, too, this cottony down has supplied the filling for cushions and pillows. The same plant has long been a specific for chest troubles, as even in Pliny's time we read: "If the root of folefoot be burnt upon the coles made with Cypres wood the smoke . . . is singular for an old cough." At the present day the leaves form the chief basis of British herb tobacco, used in cases of asthma and other lung complaints.

Owing to their acrid nature many of the buttercups lend themselves to the furtherance of fraud. The juice of the common tall buttercup is so biting that it easily raises blisters on the skin, and wily beggars are said to use it to ulcerate their feet in order to excite compassion and extract doles from a gullible public. With care, however, this acrid juice can be turned to account in plasters and poultices for causing local counter-irritation. Annual knawel is a Continental remedy for toothache, the plant being steeped in boiling water and the steam inhaled by the sufferer.

Much research and reading would be necessary to obtain a comprehensive list of the uses to which farm weeds have been put, but enough has been said to indicate that these despised cumberers of the ground are capable of being turned to great account. In times of plenty and in favoured situations cultivated or foreign plants take first place in the economics of life, but when scarcity comes or in places less favoured by circumstances the native weeds come into their own, as they grow easily and luxuriantly, and supply at least passable substitutes for many of the essentials of daily life. When necessity has arisen, appeal has often been made to the wild plants called weeds, and medicine, commerce, art, manufactures, and food have all made their demand, which has been satisfied by one or other of these common plants.

WINIFRED E. BRENCHLEY.



HEREFORD CATTLE

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE HEREFORD HERD BOOK SOCIETY.

THE County of Hereford, from which the great White-faced breed of cattle takes its name, has from time immemorial been famed for the size, hardiness and general excellence of its cattle. As early as 1627 Speed, a noted writer on agriculture, expressed himself thus: "The Soyle of the County (Hereford) is so fertile for corne and cattle that no place in England yieldeth more or better conditioned." Again in 1788, William Marshall, a Yorkshireman, in one of his letters on British agriculture, wrote: "The Herefordshire Breed of Cattle taking all in all may, without risque I believe, be deemed the first breed in the Island." Until about the close of the eighteenth century little thought was given to the production of beef on any large scale, cattle being mainly bred for draught purposes and the oxen not killed until sometimes ten and twelve years old. As draught oxen, Herefords were renowned throughout England, on account of their exceptional size, strength and hardy constitution.

However, in the early part of the nineteenth century began the great transition in British agriculture; industries and population were growing at a rapid rate, the demand for beef increased and breeders realised that under the new conditions it was more

profitable to turn out cattle fit for the block at from three to four years old than to breed cattle for draught purposes, with beef as a secondary consideration. Under the altered circumstances the demand for Hereford cattle grew greater than ever, and on account of their easy feeding and early maturity propensities they became prime favourite with the graziers and feeders throughout England. The fame of the breed as economical beef producers soon spread to distant parts of the world. As early as 1817 there are records of Hereford cattle being exported from this country to the United States of America, and since that date very many thousand head of the famous breed have found their way across the Atlantic.

The history of the Hereford in America provides most interesting reading and demonstrates how from a very small beginning Hereford cattle have absolutely revolutionised the whole beef-producing industry of that vast continent. The demand for Herefords in the United States of America has grown so great that prices have risen enormously and records have been achieved. The great bull "Ardmore" sold for £6,200, and a magnificent cow, "Clive Iris 3rd," went at £2,770. These figures will give some idea of the popularity of the breed with



Americans. The bull traces back to the Stocktonbury (Herefordshire) blood and the cow was bred by Mr. F. Bibby of Hardwicke Grange, near Shrewsbury, being bought by Colonel E. H. Taylor, the famous American breeder, at the last Nottingham Royal. This magnificent cow was an English and American champion.

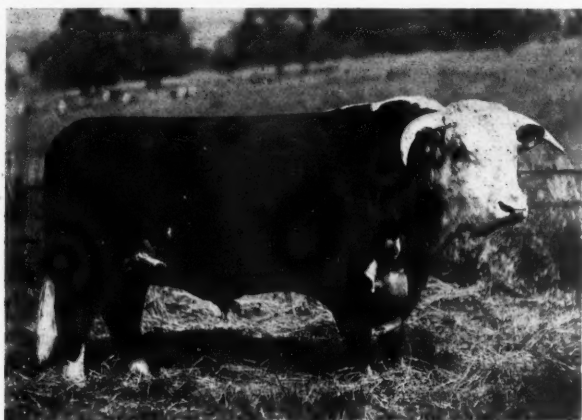
Other great ranching countries soon followed the lead of the United States and had recourse to the cattle of Herefordshire for the purposes of improving and grading up their native stock. Australia, as far back as 1839, Argentine and Uruguay in 1858, Canada and New Zealand a few years later, became regular importers of the breed, and it is greatly due to the wonderful prepotency and ability of the breed to transmit its unique qualities to native stock that England to-day is in the happy position of being able to draw on these countries for a very large portion of its beef supply.

The colour and markings of Hereford cattle are most distinct and impressive and give a striking appearance of uniformity to the herds. Their body colour is a deep rich plum, head red, brisket and under parts pure white. The principal characteristics of the breed are natural aptitude to fatten and early maturity, hardiness of constitution, ability to stand adverse circumstances and freedom from tuberculosis. All these characteristics were possessed by the foundation stock from which the breed sprang, and owing to the care and skilful methods of generations of famous breeders they have not only been retained but still further developed in the breed, with the result that to-day the



"AMERICA," A YEARLING BULL BRED BY LORD RHONDDA.

of forming the largest and, at the same time, the finest herd in the kingdom. Aided by his great commercial ability, combined with a close study of the early history of the breed and the early Mendelian theory, he went far to achieve his object, as any



"CONWAY," ONE OF THE LLANWERN STOCK BULLS.



"REFORMER," A YEARLING BULL, SOLD FOR 1,450 GNS.

Hereford can justly claim to be the purest and at the same time the best beef breed in the world.

One of the keenest supporters and advocates of the breed was the late Viscount Rhondda, whose lamented death in the hey-day of success was one of the saddest blows Hereford breeders have ever suffered. Convinced by years of practical experience that Hereford cattle possessed all the essential qualities of an ideal beef breed, he threw himself heart and soul in the business



THE LATE LORD RHONDDA AND ONE OF HIS BULLS.

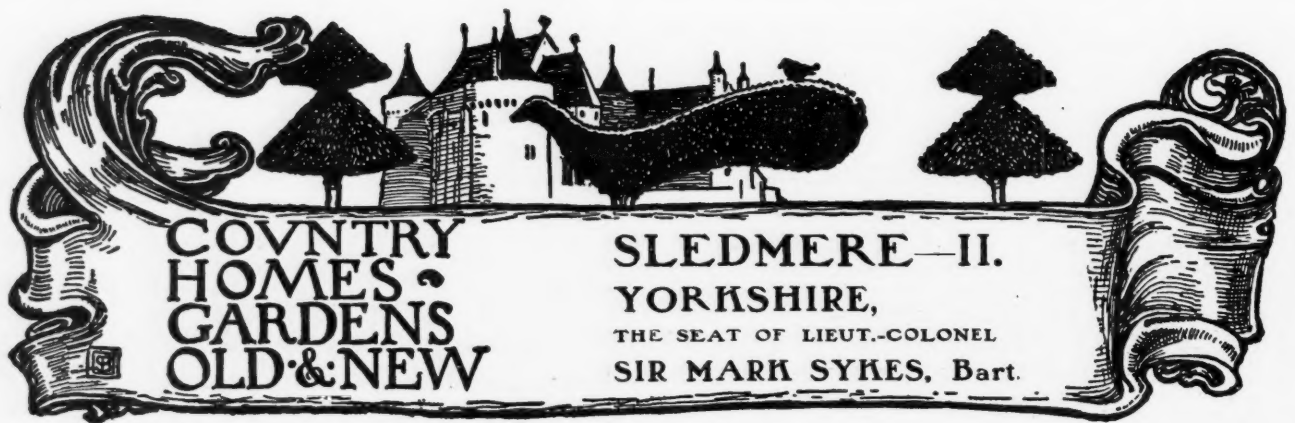
visitor to Llanwern will testify. In his investigations as to the feeders' costs of producing beef Lord Rhondda, as Food Controller, realised more than ever before the great disparity in the cost of production of different breeds, and especially non-descript cattle. His point was not merely insular but world wide; and, as a consequence of the evidence brought before him, he became still more convinced with regard to the superlative merits of Herefords as an economical breed for producing beef.

As an instance of this it may be interesting to note that in fixing the maximum price of beef at 60s. a hundredweight he knew by practical experience the actual cost of producing beef by means of Hereford cattle. This price, however, did not suit those engaged in the feeding of other breeds, for the simple reason that in their case the cost of production was so much higher, and, accordingly, taking the broad view, he revised prices in order to give all a chance of making a profit.

No more convincing proof of the easier and cheaper feeding qualities of the Hereford than this can be given, and it has had the effect of greatly increasing the demand for the breed all over the country. Hundreds of new breeders are joining the Hereford Herd Book Society in all parts of the British Isles. The latest admirer of the breed is Lord Lee, who gave that beautiful historic seat, Chequers Court, to the Government for the use of the Prime Ministers in perpetuity. While the landed gentry are greatly interested in the breed, the main cause for congratulation is the fact that the Hereford is essentially a tenant farmer's breed, and this explains why so many go in for it as a most profitable commercial speculation. A large number of converts are expected as a result of the series of herd dispersal sales during the months of October and November.

The great dispersal sale of the late Lord Rhondda's cattle is the event of the season. Two hundred and eight head of the finest animals, possessed of the most select pedigrees in the world are to be sold, and a keen demand from old and new breeders alike is expected. Never was such an opportunity for new breeders to begin. The Hereford breed is just at the beginning of the greatest boom in its history. The demand is steadily rising, and the more the wonderful breed qualities are known the greater will be the demand throughout the world. More and more beef will be required as the world's population increases, and no breed in existence is more capable of providing this increased demand than the famous White-faced Hereford.

W. G. C. BRITTEN.



SLEDMERE to-day is a judicious mixture of new and old. The fire which left Sledmere but a shell destroyed all the interior plaster work, chimneypieces and other decorations, but a number of careful photographs of the interior, taken a few years before the fire, the salvage of scraps of ornament and mouldings in plaster and marble which were found in the *débris*, and some water-colour drawings of the principal rooms by Miss Edith Sykes in 1847, as well as such of Rose's original detail drawings and Sir Christopher's meticulous plans and projects, of which there are two large folios, and cartoons as were preserved, were of the greatest assistance in the scholarly and conservative restoration by Mr. Walter Brierley, who is especially well known for his work in Yorkshire.

The fire, which gutted the interior, did little damage to the exterior, except in the case of the south-west wall, which was part of the original Manor House, and much cut up and weakened when it was incorporated in Sir Christopher's extensions. This, therefore, has been rebuilt, but with the addition of a pedimented frontispiece which owes something to a preliminary sketch in the portfolio of Sir Christopher and Rose's designs and plans, and the addition gives character and interest to this front. On

the entrance and north-west front all that was necessary was the replacement of a few stones which were badly decayed and broken. The entrance front is characteristic of the architectural manner of the late years of the century, with its semicircular portico, and its plain Venetian windows on either side, the openings of which are covered with segmental arches. Above the windows are panels of artificial stone, about which Sir Christopher had corresponded with Mr. Sealy of Lambeth, and which were freely used in the decoration of the classical town and country houses during the late years of the century. They would probably have been described by a contemporary as "elegant *bass-relievi* in artificial stone."

With the exception of the pedimented south-west front, the chief alteration in the Sledmere of to-day lies in the planning. The old house had a mezzanine floor on the north-west side, which cut across the middle of the ground storey windows, and it was therefore entirely eliminated in the new house, and the kitchens and servants' rooms removed to the new red-brick extensions towards the north-west. This new wing is on the site of the old out-offices, such as brewhouse, laundry and larders, and its position and general outline were conditioned by the necessity of building on the old



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

site in order not to cut into the surrounding drives, trees and shrubberies.

The staircases in the old house have been reduced from three to two and built on a more convenient plan, a suggestion for which was found in one of the many sketches of Sir Christopher's. In the old plan the hall was divided off from the staircase hall, while in the present arrangement a fine effect is obtained by throwing the two into one.

seasons suspended from a ribboned swag, one of which—Autumn, on the left-hand side on entering—was salvage from the fire, while the others are modern. In Sir Christopher's time the hall was probably warmed by some system of hot air, which found its way through the cast-iron pedestals now placed at the first floor landing of the main staircase. These pedestals, supported on brass sphinxes, are identical with those still in position in the saloon at



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The columns are a clever reproduction of marble, and the white and gold torchères beside the columns date from Sir Christopher's period. In the metopes of the Doric entablature the Sykes' crest, a demi-triton issuant from flags and reeds, blowing a shell, alternates with the elephant's head—the Kirkby crest. The large panels of the hall are decorated with oval medallions of the

Kedleston, where Joseph Rose was also at work in the late years of the century. A top light over the staircase well is the principal method of lighting, and this, with the design of the new balustrade which replaces the wiry and delicate panels of the older metalwork, is due to Mr. Brierley.

The library, reached from the first floor landing, was the *clon* of the house; and a careful drawing by Thomas Malton

in 1795 made its exact reconstruction a possibility. Architecturally designed libraries were a feature of Robert Adam's work for certain clients—witness the libraries at Kenwood, Syon House and Shardloes. In these houses the walls are wholly or partially lined with cases which form an integral part of the design of the interior. The Sledmere library, which is fully as successful in conception, extends from end to end of the south-west front, and is flooded with light from three sides. The ceiling is barrel and cross-vaulted, displaying Rose's talent as a stuccoist even more conspicuously than in the enriched ceilings found elsewhere in the house. Rose's original colouring—blue and ochre on a white ground—is reproduced, and the relief of the use of colour and the picking out of the ornament take off, in Robert Adam's phrase, "the glare of the white," which often renders the stucco-work of this period, where the original colouring has faded, so flat and ineffective. The vault spandrels are filled with lozenged compartments containing rosettes and wreaths, and the overdoor decoration of the door which is set in the centre of an apsidal recess—an arrangement of urns and vases such as Wedgwood might have produced after the antique—is interesting. The bookcases are divided by pilasters of ebony, replacing those illustrated in Malton's drawing, which were, no doubt, of "marbled" deal. The design of the parquet flooring is taken from that of the carpet, which is shown in the same drawing, and the whole room, empty, as a library should be, is an effective background for the range of chairs of the English rococo period, touched with the Chinese taste.

In the drawing-room, where the ceiling is a remarkable reproduction of the original, hangs a fine Romney of the builder of Sledmere, Sir Christopher Sykes, and his wife. The picture shows two full-length figures on one canvas walking arm in arm in a landscape, with a view of Sledmere in the distance. Sir Christopher is wearing a scarlet coat, white waistcoat, black knee breeches and white stockings. Lady Sykes is in white satin dress and shoes, a brown and white spaniel being in front of the two figures. The canvas is 97ins. by 73ins. Sir Christopher gave Romney twelve sittings, and Lady Sykes gave Romney six sittings. The picture was finished in 1786, and the price paid was 140 guineas. Lady Sykes was Elizabeth, daughter of William Tatton.

It was the wish of Sir Tatton Sykes that the restored work should be as nearly as possible the reproduction of the Sledmere that had been destroyed. The new stucco, modelled and cast in studios in York under Mr. Brierley's supervision, has the full spirit as well as the form of the eighteenth century work it replaces, and it would be difficult to find a more perfect

interpretation of Rose's designs than the library and drawing-room ceilings. The decoration of the principal rooms is—with minor adaptations and alterations—conservative. There is one exception. The Stone Hall or smoking-room did not exist, as such, previous to the fire, and was, at Sir Mark Sykes' request, intended to give the impression of a guard-room by its bold and simple decoration. As a storage place for the equipment of the Yorkshire Wold Yeomanry raised by Sir Mark Masterman Sykes for the defence of the country during the Napoleonic Wars the guard-room severity is not inappropriate.

Sledmere still contains the statuary, pictures and china that existed there before the fire worked such havoc with the interior decoration, and among the objects which were to be found there in the days of Sir Christopher Sykes are the fine



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

white and gold torchères, now wired for electric light, in the hall. Such torchères and pedestals, used for the support of candelabra, were among the most successful pieces designed by Robert Adam for the houses he built and decorated, as the Roman detail he used could be readily allied to their more or less Roman outline. These torchères, like the stoves already mentioned, were no doubt designed by Joseph Rose.

But the most interesting pieces of the Sledmere furniture are two sets of mahogany chairs of the middle years of the eighteenth century, designed in the Chinese taste as it was interpreted by Thomas Chippendale, Ince and Mayhew, and Manwaring. The prevalence of the Chinese taste at this period is illustrated by Dr. Richard Pococke, who notes in his journal the well known bedroom at Badminton "finished and furnished very elegantly in the Chinese manner." "a Chinese

alcove seat" in "Mr. Bateman's box on the Thames," near which again were "Chinese" bridges, both covered and uncovered. Even a farmhouse in the neighbourhood was also "in the Chinese taste." Chinese decoration was frowned upon by architects such as Isaac Ware, and much of the lighter Chinese furniture for summer-houses—where the architects wished to relegate it—was of no great interest. But the sitting-room mahogany chairs in the Chinese taste received a full share of the attention of the furniture designers of the period; and when, as in the armchair illustrated, the angularities of this manner were softened by detail after the French rococo, the effect is novel and charming. In such chairs a rectangular effect was aimed at; the back was square, the legs, square in section, were frequently connected by pierced and fretted stretchers. The low relief ornament carved on the chair illustrated is intended to be uncomplainingly Chinese; the pierced brackets are the only Western touch. In both chairs the back is filled with lattice-work such as was designed for panels of "Chinese paling" for bridges and fences, but the crisp and delicate leaf-carving on the cresting of the armchair is in the best style of the English rococo carving of the period.

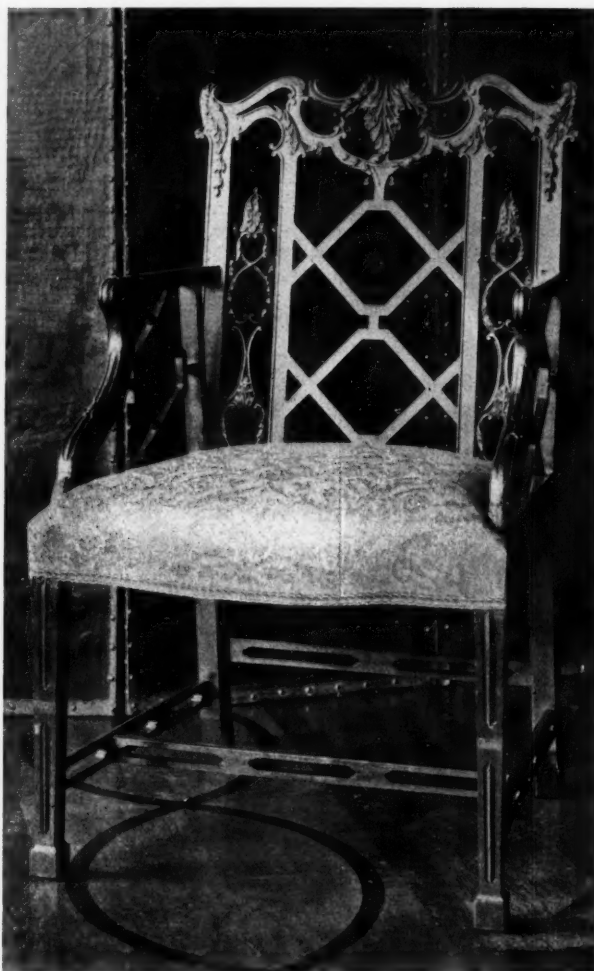
J.

On the subject of Sledmere's intimate association with thoroughbred horse-breeding our regular contributor "Phillippos" sends us the following interesting notes:

In the highest circles of thoroughbred horse-breeding in this country there are just a few names that seem to stand right out. They stand for distinction and all the surging romance and strange fact and fascinating incident that go to make up Turf history. Thus, in fairly modern times there have been the celebrities—Hern it, Galopin, St. Simon, Bend Or, Ormonde, Persimmon, Sceptre, Pretty Polly, La Flèche, Polymelus and Bayardo—there are, of course, many others entitled to rank as celebrities!—among racehorses and sires of racehorses; Danebury, Kingsclere and Manton among private training establishments; and Sandringham, Eaton, Welbeck, Childwickbury, Maiden Erlegh, Southcourt, Knowsley and Sledmere among breeding studs. Each has been a generous contributor to that history which, happily, is still uninterrupted after four years of war; and though the brilliance of some has dimmed, others have created world-fame for themselves. I want to pause at one now—Sledmere—which, year after year for years past, has steadily maintained an extraordinary level of efficiency and splendid distinction.

It is not easy to write with anything but a most sincere enthusiasm of the Sledmere Stud in Yorkshire. It is the enthusiasm of one who has been a looker-on for year after year, noting always the unvaried high level of the goods it sent to market, and the never failing, keen competition of the rich men of the Turf to become possessed of them. There was never a violent fluctuation in its fortunes. The astonishing standard of success at Doncaster's yearling sales in the St. Leger week seemed to correspond with the almost guaranteed success on the racecourse. Why? I find no difficulty in supplying the answer, for the good reason that I have never had any doubt on the point. First and foremost its success has been brought about by the policy of not keeping a sire or sires at the Stud. Thus the late Sir Tatton Sykes, and now his son, Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, with his partner and manager, Mr. H. Cholmondeley, were never under a moral obligation to mate any of the very choice collection of mares with a particular horse merely because he happened to belong to the Stud. Of course, one cannot doubt that such fine mares must have produced some winners to a home-kept stallion, because the mare, after all, has something fairly considerable to do with the progeny. But the policy was based on far broader grounds. It was to send the mares to the highest class sires that were getting notable winners all the time—the sires that were competing with each other for championship honours and had distinguished racing records. The amount of the sire's fee was not allowed to influence the dominating idea. The higher it was the more assuring was the guarantee of the sire's success at the stud. Not only, therefore, did they produce winners from such alliances, but they most certainly laid sure foundations for commanding the highest prices in the sale ring. Really Sledmere produced the Bond Street article, as it were, for the purchaser with the well filled purse. The whole policy was based on common-sense as well as sound business principles, and hence Sledmere has prospered and the world of racing in the United Kingdom and far beyond its shores has been all the richer for the enterprise. One cannot doubt that it must have given tremendous satisfaction to those intimately concerned to know that the results have been so abundantly successful and far-reaching. I have not discussed this point of view with Mr. Cholmondeley, but feel sure that the brilliant achievements and the deservedly high reputation of the Stud are due to having maintained only mares and to never having spared capital in the matter of collecting only the best mares and in the selection of their mates.

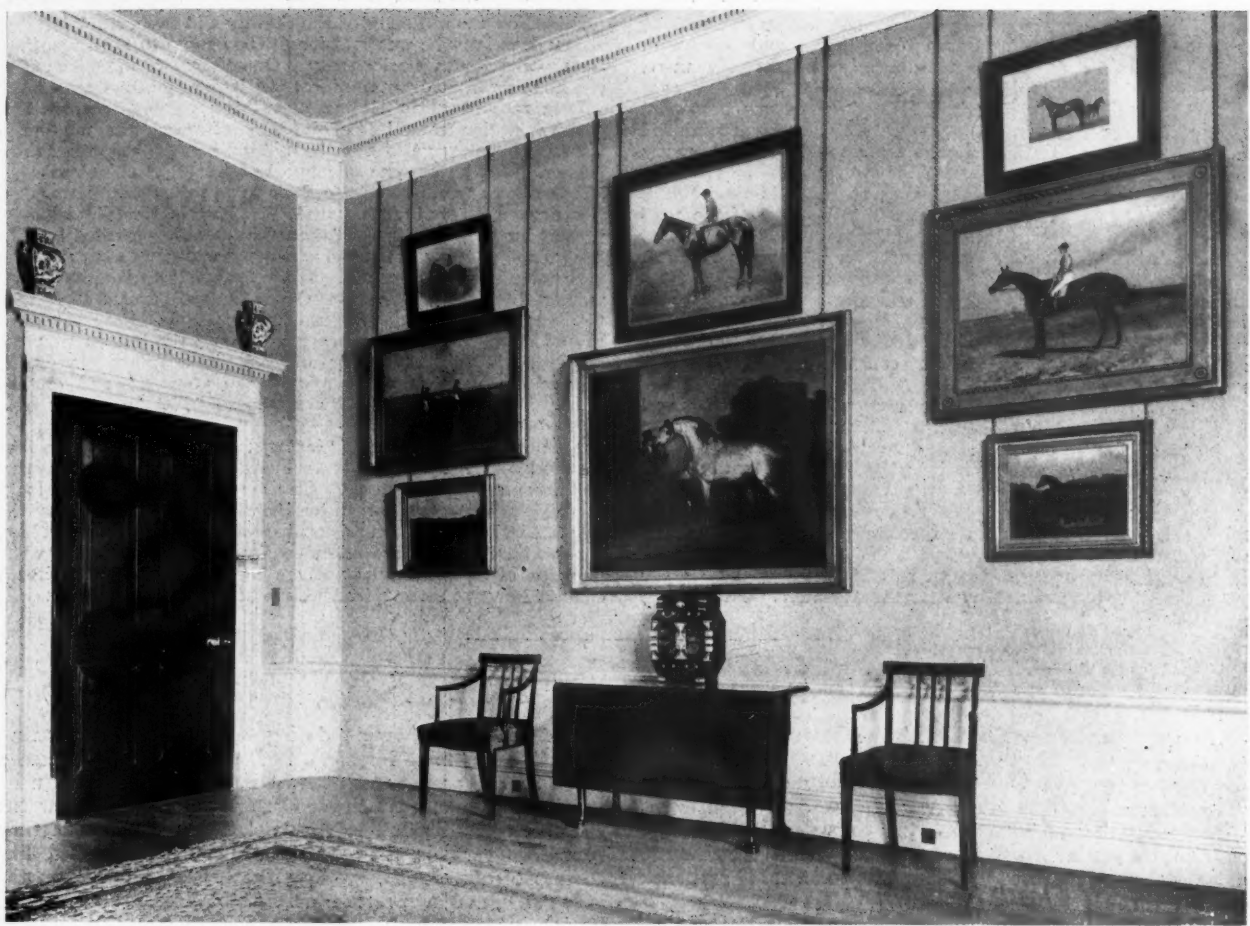
You must understand this quite clearly to appreciate why Sledmere is so exclusively good, why its function is to breed the racehorse *de luxe*, why the yearly crop of yearlings represent the élite of modern thoroughbreds, and careful study of the most fascinating problem always confronting breeders—the breeding



MAHOGANY ARM-CHAIR IN THE CHINESE TASTE
(CIRCA 1760).



MAHOGANY CHAIR IN THE CHINESE TASTE
(CIRCA 1760).



of sure and certain winners of high class. A mare would not be in the Sledmere paddocks were she not aristocratically bred and possessed of irreproachable pedigree and reputation either as a performer on the racecourse, as a dam of winners, or as both.

When Lady James Douglas's Gainsborough was beaten at Newmarket last week for the Jockey Club Stakes, I was reminded how Sledmere-bred racehorses have contributed to the dramatic side of racing in recent times. I do not suggest that Gainsborough was bred there, but the point I wish to make is that Prince Chimay, who brought about the sensational defeat of the 1918 "Triple Crown" winner, is the son of a mare that was bred at Sledmere and was sold by auction as a yearling to Mr. W. M. Cazalet for 2,000 guineas. This yearling was by Gallinule from Orlet, afterwards named Galorette, and to Chaucer she produced Prince Chimay. A few weeks ago COUNTRY LIFE published a picture of Galorette with her foal by Chaucer. This foal is now a celebrity as the conqueror of the champion three year old of 1918.

One has come to associate Sledmere sales at Doncaster and latterly at Newmarket with high-priced yearlings. Those sales were the chief event of the week. Of course, many a long-priced one did not come up to expectations, but, then, that is all part of the fascination to be derived from yearling buying for the racecourse. During the last few years, however, nothing stands out among the high-priced ones so conspicuously as Craganour, for whom Mr. Bower Ismay gave 3,200 guineas. Here, again, there was drama associated with this Sledmere youngster, for all the world was amazed by that tragedy at Epsom in 1913

when Craganour came in first for the Derby and was then disqualified on the initiative of the Stewards in favour of Aboyeur. A few days later he was sold for £30,000 to go to the Argentine. Fate works in a mysterious way. One of the Stewards who took the honours from Craganour was the late Major Eustace Loder, who in 1904 bought a Sledmere yearling for 300 guineas—a bay colt by Carbine from Maid of the Mint, afterwards named Spearmint. No one gave him a thought as being a possible Derby winner. Yet he became one two years later, and not only so, but the horse was taken on to Paris to win the Grand Prix. He has since done well at the stud. Sledmere's history yields no greater bargain in horseflesh than the instance provided by this 300-guinea yearling, while the 3,200-guinea one won the race but was not allowed to keep it. I am reminded as I write of the winner this year of the Newmarket Stakes, Somme Kiss, who two years ago cost 3,000 guineas at the Sledmere sale; of Nassovian, who in 1914 made 3,400 guineas and then won the Princess of Wales's Stakes; of Zinovia, a fine two year old winner last year, who made only 540 guineas; and of The Tetrarch—Miss Cobalt colt, who was sold last month for over 4,000 guineas.

One could go on naming instances, for the good reason that the stud is so intimately associated with the highest class of racing, but those quoted will suffice. On the score of breeding and looks the high-priced one seems to justify what he fetches, and on the whole, looking at it from racecourse and subsequent stud values, the justification is more often confirmed than not. But while memory of Spearmint lasts there must be possibilities about each and every yearling, irrespective of actual selling prices.

SEEKING PEACE WITH FIRE AND PILLAGE

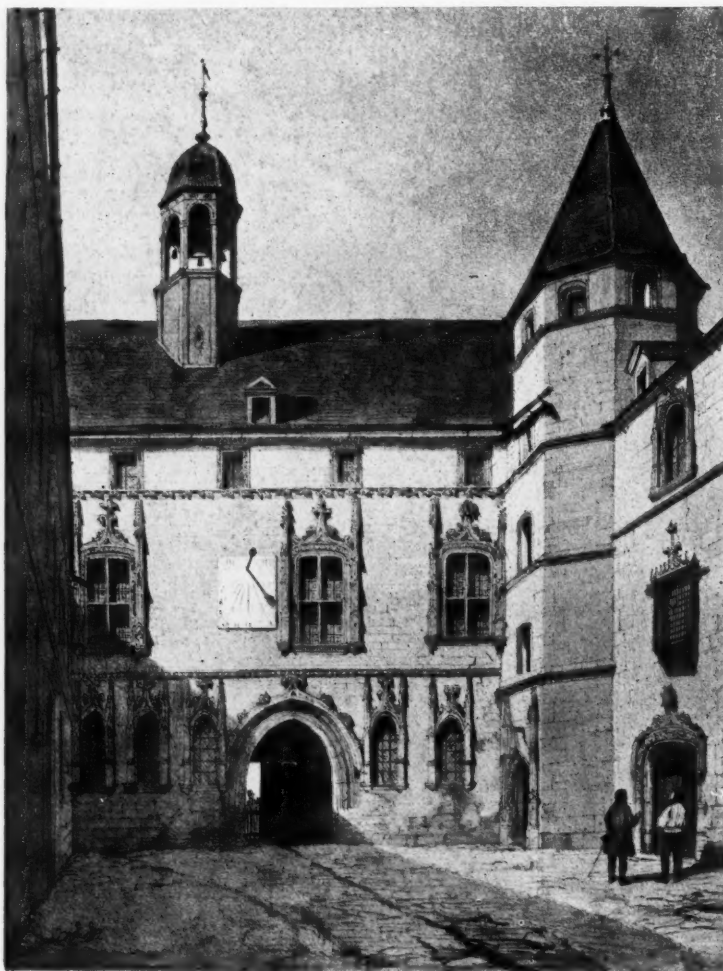
IT would almost seem as though the Germans at the most critical moments of their history yield to the inspiration of the Evil One. What possibly could be more maladroit than the savagery expended on French towns just at the moment when the German politicians are posing as the evangelists of peace and goodwill. If they were to succeed, they would be very much in the position of Crookback when he said

Was ever woman in such humour wooed,
Was ever woman in such humour won.

Their actions make their professions incredible. If they had set out to exasperate our French Allies and kindle within their minds the hottest indignation, they could not have set about the task more effectually than by the policy they pursue with regard to the towns they are forced to relinquish. France has long been justly proud of the noble buildings which adorn her fair land. In spite of all the tribulations, wars, rebellions and revolutions which have taken place, there has been preserved more of the beauty of the Middle Ages in France than in any other country in the world. Her cathedrals are the wonder of the world, and the Germans have destroyed the fairest of them. Every cultured visitor who has looked at the great town halls, or, as they are called, *hôtels de ville*, has been charmed and delighted, but the Germans have not only destroyed, but polluted them wherever they have had a chance. In the great

retreat from the Somme during 1917 the destructiveness of the foe was more intelligible. Peace at that time seemed to be far off, and it was at least intelligible, although none the less horrible, that the modern Huns should follow the example of Attila and leave desolation behind when they retired. Over the rich, beautiful plain they passed like engines of destruction, levelling the houses, blowing up the very roads, making waste what had been fruitful and good land. But even then they were able to add one of those diabolical touches which had the effect of producing hatred. The French peasant regarded the destruction of his home, the

robbery of his property, the general spoliation as the fortune of war. He took it with a manful philosophy born of his resolution to make good again what he had lost. French troops are composed largely of market gardeners, small farmers and, generally speaking, that rural class which has been nourished on the system of small land owners which France has brought to perfection; and when they saw that out of sheer wantonness and, as it appeared, a desire to enrage them the Germans had taken the most minute pains to destroy the vines, apple trees and, in fact, the whole orchards and fruit fields by which they made a living, their anger was uncontrollable. The spirit of their enemy was foreign and incomprehensible. It exasperated them as nothing else had done in the course of the war. On a larger scale the same policy is being pursued to-day. Some of



THE COURTYARD OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE OF NOYON

the methods of the Germans are unspeakable and indescribable. Before leaving a town they have done everything that was possible to pollute the most beautiful of the edifices and leave shame and insult behind them. No military excuse could be found for anything of the kind. It neither hurt nor delayed the enemy—it was only an expression of hatred. Even since they asked for an armistice they have continued along the same line of conduct. Every day the newspapers tell of flames rising from another and still another town—St. Quentin, Cambrai, Lille, Laon, Lens. One would have thought that when they made up their minds to ask for a truce in the hope that it would lead to a peaceful settlement orders would have been issued for the army to cease from any destruction that had no strictly military object in view. But nothing of the kind happened. They have gone on defacing, plundering, burning and blowing up the most famous and beautiful of the French towns. In order to bring home the nature of these crimes we show a drawing of Noyon and photographs of Laon Cathedral. Noyon has had an eventful history. It was taken in the early days, and after the Marne retreat orders were given to destroy it. But the German commandant happened to be one of those few honourable exceptions to the general rule who would not carry out an order of that kind, and the beautiful town was saved. Probably a great many of our readers knew it very well in times of peace. The hôtel de ville especially is as graceful a piece of architecture of its own kind as exists anywhere, and the whole town has a charm in keeping with it. Noyon, in fact, may be regarded as typical of the many other French towns which have been ground under the Teutonic heel. To us in this country the operation seems unbelievable. We have had no experience like it. In point of fact, we have very few towns so rich in well preserved and fine buildings as the French. At any rate, such as we have have been saved from the fate that has befallen the possessions of our Ally by our insular situation and the fact that in the Fleet we have an inexpugnable wall of defence. The Germans have shown that they would very willingly have done the same to us as to our comrades over the sea. Such destructiveness as was possible to them they have accomplished by aerial bombs and by bombardment from the sea. That the results were trifling was certainly not due to lack of will on their part. But our immunity should make us all the more sympathetic with our French friends. They have had to bear the brunt of the enemy's insane destructiveness, and then only look forward to the time when they will be able to gain some recompense for the losses they



A. E. Bodington.

THE CATHEDRAL AT BURNING LAON.

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have sustained. The French are nothing if not methodical, and a strict account has been taken of all the damage which the Germans have been able to inflict. They are recorded in official photographs which are carefully preserved in a Government Department, and the loss has been calculated in terms of money. In the meantime they have threatened the Germans with reprisals for these outrages, and it may be taken as being certain beyond the shadow of doubt that they will carry out with sternness and resolution the measures which they have explained

to the foe. Nor are they likely to incur any blame for doing so. On the contrary, detestation of the German methods is being felt and expressed not only by the belligerent countries, but by neutrals in every part of the globe. It is felt that the methods adopted throw the gravest doubts on the profession of peace. William Sikes might conceivably use the language of a suffering martyr, but the most credulous would refuse to believe in him if they saw the knife concealed under his coat, or the torch prepared for setting fire.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Far Away and Long Ago: A History of My Early Life, by W. H. Hudson. (Dent and Sons, Limited.)

HERE, indeed, is the very moonlight of memory! Mr. Hudson tells a curious and pathetic story which will remind many of what has often happened to the dying soldier at the front. Those who have watched by his side have noticed that he forgets his pain and ignores the gaunt enemy soon to claim him as his own. Memory brings back a living picture of his home in the shires or in some far-off county. He has a vision of the little stream where he caught his first fish, of the park where he played cricket, of the walks and games of his youth, all coming back like some clear and vivid imprint, and his eyes close at last in the belief that he has gone back to the centre of a loving family circle. Mr. Hudson's experience, fortunately, was not so sad in its ending, although virtually the same in other respects. He had gone down to the South Coast, and attracted one night by "the sea, the clear sky, the bright colours of the afterglow," stood too long on the front in a chilly east wind and was, consequently, laid up for six weeks with a very serious illness. On the second day of that illness he fell into recollection of his childhood, "and at once I had that far, that forgotten past with me again as I had never previously had it." He describes the experience in a pretty metaphor. It was "as if the cloud shadows and haze had passed away and the entire wide prospect beneath me made clearly visible." Fortunately for his readers, he took it into his head to begin drafting his recollections on the spot and the six weeks of illness became a happy time. It makes us think of those last years of Richard Jefferies when, in acute pain, his mind returned to the early days at Coate Farm. He and his brothers sat at the sluice gate of the dam and watched the barred pike drifting down and then swimming up stream again. One is tempted to draw comparisons between these two great writers on the open air. In mind they had a great affinity, but in circumstances how different. The experience, the working material of Jefferies lay in that country life of which we all know something, the meadows, the hedges, the commanding down and the old camps where red-haired warriors had lived in prehistoric times. But Mr. Hudson had the great advantage of novelty. We say "advantage" with the clear understanding that the appropriateness of the expression may be questioned, but it is not worth stopping to analyse. There is the charm of the familiar, and there is also the charm of the unfamiliar, and at bottom these two are not diverse, but one. What remains is that the love of Nature common to both these men is accompanied by an early impressionability which makes their reminiscences act like a spell whether they concern what we know or what is strange.

Mr. Hudson was born at a house on the South American pampas, quaintly named *Los Veinte-cinco Ombues*, which, being interpreted, means *Twenty-Five Ombú Trees*, and the note of strangeness is sounded at once in his description of the ombú. It is a tree growing to an immense girth, 40ft. or 50ft. in some cases, but the wood is so soft and spongy that it can be cut with a knife, and it is utterly unfit for firewood because, when felled, it simply rots away like a ripe water-melon. It has large, glossy, deep green, poisonous leaves and is a useless tree, and will, therefore, thinks the writer, become extinct because in this practical age the axe is laid to the tree that only cumber the ground. But the grand-looking ombú had at least this use, that it served as a landmark to the traveller on the great monotonous plain and also afforded shade to men and horses in summer. The trees around the house where he was born were a hundred years old and hold

in his memory the same place as "the seven elms and poplars tall" of Alfred Tennyson. He gives a natural and attractive picture of the boys turning the largest of them into a play-house. They carried up planks so as to make bridges from branch to branch, "and, at noon, when our elders were sleeping their siesta, we would have our arboreal games unmolested." Round the house were the pampas. In front spread the great grassy plain level to the horizon, while at the back it sloped down to a broad stream flowing into the River Plata. "This stream, with its three ancient red willow trees growing on the banks, was a source of endless pleasure to us." So he goes on in his flowing, pellucid, almost elegiac way to make the scenery and surroundings of his home as familiar to us as the fields round Coate Farm House or the downs above Somersby:

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

Those who turn to autobiography for glimpses of great men and bits from their sayings or their letters will probably be disappointed in this volume, for the dominant interest of the writer is always centred upon things of the open air, the strange, beautiful flowers, the birds foreign to us, the serpents, the trees, and the other dumb inhabitants of that strange world which probably never again will be seen by mortal eye, so radical and complete are the changes that have been accomplished during the period that has elapsed. Even the people have undergone a complete change. This is not to say that the nature of men or animals has altered in the slightest. Nothing can possibly be more true to life than Mr. Hudson's amusing account of his first riding lesson. It was taken on the back of a great dog which seems to have been a noted character in his day. He is described as a good-sized animal with a very large body, a smooth black coat, tan feet, muzzle, and "spectacles," and a face of extraordinary length, which gave him a profoundly wise, baboon-like expression. He came as a stray and was called nothing but *Pechicho*, a word used for any unnamed pup, just as every cat is "Pussy."

Our first riding-lessons were taken on his back; but old *Pechicho* eventually made one mistake, after which he was relieved from the labour of carrying us. When I was about four years old, my two elder brothers, in the character of riding-masters, set me on his back, and, in order to test my capacity for sticking on under difficulties, they rushed away, calling him. The old dog, infected with the pretended excitement, bounded after them, and I was thrown and had my leg broken, for, as the poet says:—

Children, they are very little,
And their bones are very brittle.

Luckily, their little brittle bones quickly solder, and it did not take me long to recover from the effects of this mishap.

The autobiography is strictly confined to childhood, and although bird and beast and flower claim most attention, the work is punctuated with delightful pictures of human beings, who are made as alive to us as any of the other inhabitants. There was one known as *The Hermit*, who used to call once about every seven or eight weeks to receive a few articles of food. Money he always refused with gestures of intense disgust. We can see his small, sun-parched face and silvery white hair and realise the grotesque figure he cut in clothes of his own making, "a pair of gigantic shoes, about a foot broad at the toes, made out of thick cow-hide, with the hair on; and on his head was a tall, rimless cow-hide hat, shaped like an inverted flower-pot." His outer garment is described as resembling a very large mattress with the ticking made of innumerable pieces of raw hide sewn together. "It was about a foot in thickness and stuffed with sticks, stones, hard lumps of clay, rams' horns, bleached bones, and other hard, heavy objects." He spoke a strange language, which might have

been Hebrew or Sanscrit, and either made a long speech or offered up a prayer when he had received what the old Scottish Gaberlunzie called his awmous, *anglicé* alms. They called him Con-stair Lo-vair because these syllables often recurred in his recitations. At the age of five the home was changed and the family went to live in a country absolutely flat and unpopulated save for the herds of cattle and horses and occasional horsemen galloping over the plain. There were trees at the new home, and this was a cause of rejoicing to the young naturalist. But what made the hearts of him and his brothers heavy was that a schoolmaster had been appointed, which meant a shrinking of that free, out-of-door life which they had been encouraged to live by a very wise, kind mother. Mr. Trigg was a pedagogue who had followed a great many professions, among them that of an actor, and in course of time his tenure of office was brought to an end through his indulgence in white Brazilian rum, "the British exile's only substitute for his dear lost whisky in that far country."

The plain assumed a very different aspect in what was called a thistle year, when the giant thistles sprang up and covered most of the land. They attained a height of about roft, and threw out stems as large as those of rhubarb. When they were dead, in November, they became a danger, because at any moment a careless spark from a cigarette might kindle a flare. Every man who saw it would mount his horse and fly to the danger spot, and join to make a broad path some fifty or a hundred yards in front of the conflagration. One way to make a path was to kill a few sheep from the nearest flock and drag them up and down at a gallop through the dense thistles until a broad space was clear where the flames could be stamped and beaten out with horse-rugs. But in spite of all this a thistle year was called a fat year, because cattle, sheep, horses and even pigs got into excellent condition by eating the huge leaves and soft, sweetish-tasting stems.

With these rather disjointed comments we pass to the chapter called "A Breeder of Piebalds," in which the breeder, Don Gregorio Gandara, might have come from a page of Cervantes. He kept about a thousand brood mares, so that the whole herd usually numbered about three thousand, and they were nearly all piebalds. It was the fashion in those days for every breeder to have his tropilla, a half-dozen or dozen saddle horses as nearly alike as possible, so that one man "had chestnuts, another browns, bays, silver or iron greys, duns, fawns, cream-noses, or blacks, or whites, or piebalds," and a fancy for rearing piebalds was not thought at all odd. A companion portrait to set opposite this is that of Jack the Killer, a sort of European not uncommon in South America half a century ago. He had drifted there when young and taken to the life of a native. He had been a horse-breaker, a cattle-drover and many other things by turn, and when he was not working he was generally drinking or fighting, and he always fought to kill. His great fight was his victory over a band of nine men who came to avenge the death of a relative whom he had slain in a fight. Two were left to guard the door and the others burst into the room with their long knives in their hands. "The advantage Jack had was that his bare feet made no sound on the clay floor, and that he knew the exact position of a few pieces of furniture in the room. He had, too, a marvellous agility, and the intense darkness was all in his favour, as the attackers could hardly avoid wounding one another. At all events, the result was that three of them were killed and the other four wounded, all more or less seriously."

Enough has been said to give some idea of the dream of old that has passed before the mental vision of the writer of this autobiography and has been caught and placed on paper. Our remarks may appear disconnected, but the book is not so. On the contrary, the narrative flows on like some pellucid, singing river, and the writer's art enables us to see the landscape and beast and bird and human being and even the recorder all vividly before us, and yet like pictures drawn from some land of enchantment.

LITERARY NOTES.

WHEN King Solomon, in one of his rather frequent moments of depression, remarked that there is nothing new under the sun, he little thought how tired the phrase would become through sheer repetition. So with regard to many of the poems in *A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems* (translated by Arthur Waley). We will give it a slight twist and say how essentially modern they are, though written more than a thousand years ago—which perhaps, after all, comes to the same thing, less neatly expressed.

Many of the poems have nothing old about them except their dates, especially the poems on Nature, and if the quick

retort is that Nature is immortal and therefore of no age and of all ages, we can only say that the eyes of those who look on her change with the changing centuries and that Yang-ti's little poem:

The evening river is level and motionless—
The spring colours just open to their full.
Suddenly a wave carries the moon away
And the tidal water comes with its freight of stars,

is more modern in its treatment of Nature than, say, the poetry of Pope's day. And the "Royal Burial Song":

How swiftly it dries,
The dew on the garlic-leaf,
The dew that dries so fast
To-morrow will fall again.
But he whom we carry to the grave
Will never more return,

is as old or as new as Scott's "Coronach," of which it so vividly reminds us:

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest,
The fount, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow.

And this little picture, too, is of all time:

In the month of June the grass grows high
And round my cottage thick-leaved branches sway.
There is not a bird but delights in the place where it rests:
And I too—love my thatched cottage.
I have done my ploughing:
I have sown my seed.
Again I have time to sit and read my books
A gentle rain comes stealing up from the east
And a sweet wind bears it company.

There are, perhaps, no deep harmonies in these Nature poems, but they are melody sweetly played in tune and full of peace. Listen to this little song of "New Corn":—

Swiftly the years, beyond recall,
Solemn the stillness of this fair morning.
I will clothe myself in Spring-clothing
And visit the slopes of the Eastern Hill.
By the mountain-stream a mist hovers,
Hovers a moment, then scatters.
There comes a wind blowing from the south
That brushes the fields of new corn.

And when one remembers that the "spring-clothing" refers, not to a lighter weave of Jaeger, but to "my gown of apricot-yellow silk," or some equally romantic garment, one realises the charm of the poem, which is chosen more or less at random. There are others as delightful—we are by no means carefully arranging the best strawberries on the top of the basket.

Of love poems, in the European sense of the phrase, there are comparatively few. To the Chinese mind the relations between man and woman are a commonplace, and taken for granted. The romance of friendship takes the place of love—the happiness of comrades meeting, the tragedy of their parting. Where women are mentioned in the poems at all it is generally as deserted wives bewailing their fate. Indeed, the poems on women and by women are, on the whole, so sad that it is with the greatest relief that we read in a foot-note to a poem by Tao-yun, wife of General Wang Ning-chih, that "the General was so stupid that she finally deserted him."

In contrast to these mournful poems are some few charming exceptions. "To His Wife" (written about 100 B.C.) ends:—

... in the days when we are parted
With all your might enjoy the spring flowers,
But do not forget the time of our love and pride.
Know that if I live, I will come back again,
And if I die, we will go on thinking of each other.

East or West, could anything more be said?

There are one or two touching poems on children—on little girls, strange to say. The fact that girl babies were usually so despised gives an added pathos to the poem in which a father, half resentfully, finds himself sorrowing for his little dead daughter, Golden Bells:—

There came a day—they suddenly took her from me;
Her soul's shadow wandered I know not where.
And when I remember how just at the time she died
She lisped strange sounds, beginning to talk,
Then I know that the ties of flesh and blood
Only bind us to a load of grief and sorrow.
At last, by thinking of the time before she was born,
By thought and reason I drove the pain away.
Since my heart forgot her, many days have passed
And three times winter has changed to spring.
This morning, for a little, the old grief came back,
Because, in the road, I met her foster-nurse.

On technicalities and intricacies of translation few of us are competent to give an opinion, but, taking this book in simpler fashion, we are grateful for the light, colour, and fragrance found in its pages.

I. B.

OWNERSHIP AND TENANCY OF LAND

AMONG the changes wrought by the war those affecting land are conspicuous. Problems such as the minimum wage for agricultural labourers, which had been debated for decades—Pitt and Fox argued it in Parliament 125 years ago—have found at any rate temporary solution. Expert advice on cultivation has been made generally available, along with considerable powers for enforcing its adoption; the depleted ranks of the farm labourers have been reinforced by women, and boys from school cadet corps. Prices of produce have risen by leaps and bounds, and *maxima* have been prescribed. Machinery of novel types has everywhere been brought into use to enable the farmer to supply what has hitherto been to a great extent imported.

The tendency, in a word, has been to push the business side of land management into the forefront, disclosing possibilities previously almost unsuspected. At the same time, the yield from trustee investments has risen to a point presenting inducements to owners to convert land into cash and reinvest in them, while the farmer's prosperity has provided him with the means to acquire his holding. The consequence is an increased volume of land in the market, and the eagerness with which it is bought has tempted owners to swell the stream, which is now strong and steady and shows no signs of diminution. It is certain that, come what may, the farmer is more firmly assured of an adequate return on his skill, energy and capital for the future than ever before.

Examination of results of sales establishes the fact that to-day the proportion of farms purchased by the tenants considerably exceeds the 25 per cent. which was the rule in the period 1910-14. If the farmer is unaware of the burdens of ownership it is not for the want of telling, for that aspect of the matter has been pressed upon him by many whose interests might have seemed opposed to emphasising the drawbacks. Swift said: "In . . . drawbacks I lose half my rent," and the farmer has often been warned that the locking up of his capital in purchasing the holding and the subsequent expense of upkeep are serious considerations. Still, he has cheerfully shouldered the burdens incidental to ownership, and he continues to do so at all the many auctions; indeed, resentment is apt to be shown unless the first offer of farms is made—as it is usually now—to the tenant.

Those who realise all that the presence of a good landlord means to a country district must feel a certain amount of satisfaction that so many sales are merely of outlying portions of estates, and that the mansion and immediately adjacent land remain in the old ownership. So long as that is the rule the amenities of country life will be preserved.

The value of agricultural land in all parts of the country has risen, and competition in the auction room occasionally results in striking figures, expressed in terms of years' purchase. Seldom, however, if all the circumstances are examined, is the price excessive, seeing how general were remissions of rent in bad seasons, and how, for one reason or another, or no reason at all, the reduced rentals became permanent. Few things are more difficult than to keep exact accounts of land management, but where such have been kept, and the details published, they have almost invariably proved that the net yield on the capital value of land has been far below what would have satisfied any other class of capitalist.

There is much loose talk about a "boom" in land, but those who indulge in it do not know the past, lack the knowledge for judging what is now going on, and are necessarily incapable of anything but the wildest conjectures as to the future. Great economic forces are at work, and it is well for owners and tenants that, on the whole, the experts who advise them are far-seeing men who would scorn to seek personal advantage by giving any countenance to exaggerations which crystallise in catchwords like "a boom in land."

The Dorking estate, High Ashurst, 1,235 acres, came under the hammer of Messrs. Goddard and Smith, by order of the trustees of the fourth Earl of Harrowby. The estate changed hands at an advance of £2,000 on the upset price of £55,000.

The Gothic mansion, Lee Priory, with nearly 1,140 acres, on the main road from Canterbury to Sandwich, at Littlebourne, was withdrawn in its entirety at about £44,000. The estate, intersected by the Lesser Stour, a pretty and well stocked trout stream, is thought to have mineral value, as it is within a few miles of collieries which are now working. A large sum was expended on the restoration of the mansion under the care of James Wyatt and Sir Gilbert Scott. Messrs. Cobb and Messrs. Lofts and Warner were jointly concerned on behalf of the vendor. Another Kentish estate of some note, Valence, at Westerham, built by the late Mr. Norman Watney, was submitted by Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons and withdrawn at the declared reserve of £30,000.

The Charity Commissioners sanctioned the submission of 5,000 acres of the Bethlem Royal Hospital Lincolnshire estate at Wainfleet, by Mr. Joseph Stower. It was to have been offered in Boston, but has been privately sold to the tenants. He is acting for the trustees of Lady Hewley's charity, likewise with the sanction of the Charity Commissioners, in the realisation of Hay-a-Park, an area of 1,774 acres at Knaresborough. It will be offered in twelve lots at York on Thursday next.

Devon land, near Kingsbridge, known as East Portlemouth, 840 acres, has changed hands for £18,345, through Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons. The Perthshire property, Urrard, which embraces the battlefield of Killiecrankie, has found a purchaser at £7,500. Great interest was manifested in the sale of Lord Mount-Edgumbe's Cornish estates, which included the Dodman. The acquisition of this headland for the public was announced in COUNTRY LIFE last week, and it is only necessary to add that competition for most of the lots was keen, many of the farms fetching very satisfactory prices.

The impending sale of some outlying portions of Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson's Westmorland estate, Dallam Tower, serves as a reminder that there are two "Haweswaters"—the famous lake near Shap, and the other a small sheet of water on the estate in question. The area to be sold by Messrs. Driver, Jonas and Co., at Kendal, on November 2, is only 657 acres, including the manor-house known as Skelsmergh Hall. Some thousands of acres are to be dealt with this month by the same firm, who will offer outlying portions of Fillingham Castle estate, Lincs, 3,460 acres, at Lincoln, on October 29, jointly with Mr. Peacock Rayner, by order of Mr. John H. Dalton, and outlying portions of the Charlecote estate, two miles from Stratford-on-Avon, 2,255 acres, on behalf of Lady Fairfax-Lucy, on October 31, at Warwick. Other property in the Shakespeare neighbourhood, the Shottery estate, mentioned in these columns last week, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Walter Ludlow and Briscoe and Messrs. Hutchings and Deer, at Birmingham, on October 24. The Hassop Hall estate at Bakewell, once the seat of the Earls of Newburgh, 3,000 acres, is in Messrs. Hampton and Sons' hands for sale early in the autumn.

Lord Stafford has instructed Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard to sell six farms extending to 880 acres on the outskirts of Stafford in that town on November 5. The sale of the Childs Ercall estate of Mr. Reginald Corbet has been entrusted to Messrs. Barber and Son. Other extensive properties will be submitted by Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood, among them outlying portions of the Packington estate, on behalf of the Earl of Aylesford, and outlying portions of the Ombersley Court estate, Worcestershire, for Lord Sandys.

Rose Manor, a freehold Queen Anne house, dated 1686, in the centre of the Pytchley Hunt, and Great Glenn House, a few miles from Market Harborough, are to be sold, with other residential property, at Tokenhouse Yard on October 22nd by Messrs. Wilson and Co. The trustees of the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres and of Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley are selling the Pelly Huntingdonshire estates, 2,654 acres, at Huntingdon next Saturday.

The late Mr. John Houghton's Hants sporting and agricultural property, near Alresford, including Arnsworth House and 1,827 acres, will be dealt with at Winchester on October 24th by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. The mansion and farms are in hand. Another sporting property with considerable possibilities, 220 acres, with a mile of deep water frontage to the Bosham Channel, handy for Hayling, and having good markets at Havant and Chichester, in Messrs. May and Rowden's hands for realisation, is also worthy of mention.

Houses with moderate acreage, within a few miles of town, are to be found in considerable numbers in the lists of forthcoming sales. It is possible to name only one or two, among them the Earl of Clarendon's old-fashioned place, High Street Farm, with 138 acres, at Sarratt, near Rickmansworth and Watford, which Messrs. Humbert and Flint are offering locally on October 29th; Elmdene, Woking (Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, November 5th); and Kingsmead, at Hurtmore, Godalming, nearly five acres, with contents if desired (Messrs. Alex. H. Turner and Co., and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, Tuesday next at the Mart).

Colonel Truman's Sussex house, The Rocks, Eridge, with 103 acres, and the late Lieutenant-Colonel St. Barbe Sladen's Surrey residence, Heathfield, on Reigate Heath, with adjoining land, will be sold at Tokenhouse Yard on November 6th by Messrs. Trollope. An upset price of £5,250 is quoted by Messrs. Harrods (Limited) for Wonham Manor, Betchworth, a Surrey residence, and, jointly with Messrs. F. L. Mercer, they are submitting The Grange and 134 acres near Billericay.

Lord Ampthill has purchased from the Duke of Bedford the Oakley estate of 2,240 acres. The new owner intends to retain only the mansion, Oakley House, and the surrounding park, and he has therefore instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who acted for the vendor in the matter, to proceed with the sale of the remaining portions of the property, and they will do so in conjunction with Mr. Walker, the auction taking place at Bedford on Thursday, October 31st.

The Duke of Bedford has also disposed of the Houghton Conquest estate, Ampthill, nearly 2,400 acres, and in this case also the buyer requires only a part of the property, namely, the woodlands, and it is the intention to allow the auction of the rest of the estate to go on, as originally arranged, on October 31st. The same date is fixed for the offering of outlying portions of the Woburn estate.

On Friday next, at Derby, the Doveleys estate, on the Staffs and Derby borders, and the Holly Bush estate, near Uttoxeter, will be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, whose auctions this month also include Bodelwyddan, 1,870 acres, at Abergele, on October 24th; Dunchurch Lodge estate, Warwickshire, 816 acres, at Hanover Square, on October 29th; and the northern portion of the Duke of Sutherland's Scottish estates, 238,000 acres, also at Hanover Square, on October 30th.

The late Sir Richard Burbidge's fine house at Shepperton has been sold to Sir Edward Nicholl, of Cardiff.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

RURAL HOUSING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of the 21st ult. you say that "The outcry against so-called tied houses comes exclusively from politicians and theorists." May I say that my long and intimate experience of village life has taught me quite the contrary? There is no grievance that is so keenly felt by the agricultural labourer as the fact of his cottage being tied to a particular farm. Only a few days ago, in conversation with a large and particularly good farmer, he expressed the same opinion and said that a free cottage for the labourer would be better for the farmer as well, and would secure a better type of workman. The best labourers are unanimous on this point, and feel nothing so keenly as their insecurity in the tenure of their homes. This also discourages any effort to improve their cottages and surroundings. I knew a case where houses are very scarce, where one good tied cottage remained unoccupied for several months, and when inquiring as to the reason, I found that no one dared to take it because if the man did not get on with his employer and had to leave the cottage, he would never be able to find another. I have known cases of aged labourers who, after working all their lives on the same farm, were required to leave their cottages as soon as they were too old to work, although they were able to pay their rents. In one instance the workhouse had to be enlarged in consequence of the number of aged labourers requiring its shelter. Quite recently I knew a labourer who was told by a large employer that if he did not work for him he would have to leave his cottage. Under the tied system a labourer has no choice as to who he wishes to work for. Some years ago a farmer would dismiss a labourer and turn him out of his cottage if the man's son left the farm to better himself. I do not think that such a thing would happen now, but the fear of similar action still operates with the older men, and not altogether without reason.

The houses of the stockman, shepherd, and horse-keeper fall into a different category, and it will generally be necessary for these to be tied to the farm, but this does not apply to the general labourers. All owners of cottages, who also farm the land, are tempted to be arbitrary in respect of the occupation of their cottages, and small owners who do not farm are the worst when it comes to their tenants making complaints of dilapidations, insanitation, etc. Many of these, when complaining to me and asking if I will help them, implore me not to say that they have complained, as they would certainly be turned out of their houses. All these evils are intensified by the great scarcity of cottages in most rural districts. The right principle is undoubtedly for the cottages to be publicly owned, and the majority should be built by the local authority (at present the Rural District Councils), and those who occupy the cottages should be secure in their tenure as long as they pay their rents and comply with the requirements of the Council. The rents charged should be economic, and the wages paid should be sufficient for this.—CONSTANCE COCHRANE R.D.C.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your words of warning with regard to this question are very timely, as it is quite possible for the State to interfere too much in schemes of this and similar nature. There will be no lack of individual enterprise in the after-war initiation of what will be such a good paying business as house building, and what we really want to provide for is the capital necessary for the purpose, since there will be many people willing and wishful to build their own houses, but unable to find the money. Here is obviously the opportunity for the State to step in and advance the money on the usual mortgage conditions, but at a nominal and low rate of interest and carrying a non-liability to ejectment except, of course, in flagrant cases of neglect. Locally appointed committees in each urban or rural district should adjudge in such matters. Personal enterprise and competition is the only way to avoid the inevitable waste of public money, which always happens when undertakings are carried out by Government officials. The State might also help by promoting housing exhibitions and awarding prizes for designs suitable to the various classes of the community, such designs to become public property so that any ordinary builder could put up attractive and well designed dwellings without incurring architect's fees. The use of local building materials should be encouraged, whether cob, brick, stone or concrete blocks. Generally speaking, the latter should form the cheapest material, since they are easily made by means of the simple machine moulds now used, and almost any kind of local filling medium can be utilised to mix with concrete, while the blocks are easily and quickly set up. Local building laws ought to be relaxed so as to allow of country cottages being built of wood, of which there will be a good supply when all the Army huts and camps are abandoned.—S. O'DWYER.

STRANGE FACTS OF FALCONRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The animosity of tame falcons bred in captivity towards wild carnivorous birds—even of their own blood and kin—and their readiness to attack wild hawks, even at the neglect of more desirable quarry, appears to have been one of the acknowledged facts of falconry. One or two old sporting writers make passing reference to this phenomenon, and in recounting the bag made in one season by a small falcon (presumably a merlin) Hollick includes three kestrel hawks, one sparrowhawk, and one merlin. It was generally acknowledged that the best of hawks bred in captivity compared very unfavourably with a wild hawk of even mediocre abilities, and, therefore, this slaying of the wild species by the tame is somewhat curious. It can only be taken that the wild hawk, on being attacked, attached little importance to the situation, thinking that the other hawk was mobbing him in a more or less friendly way, and consequently was struck down before he realised the exact state of affairs. To convey some idea as to the respective merits of wild and tame falcons, it may be mentioned that the curlew was considered one of the most difficult birds to take; in fact, contingencies with this strong flying bird were usually avoided as calculated to lead to a fast vanishing flight and a lost falcon. One peregrine, indeed, became famous on account

of the masterful flight put up against a curlew, the falcon being in the air over sixty minutes, though in the end it was compelled to abandon the chase, returning in a more or less exhausted state. Yet, to the writer's own knowledge, wild peregrines make comparatively light work of striking down curlew, often leaving the body untouched in the heather. One would imagine the powers of flight possessed by the snipe to exceed those of the curlew, yet, though it was understood that curlews were unobtainable, even with the heavy and powerful peregrine, which may be taken as the fastest of all falcons, snipe hawking with small merlins was quite a popular and successful phase of the sport. This state of affairs proves conclusively that speed of flight was not the sole deciding factor in measuring the quarry's chances of escape. Probably this fact was understood by the curlew, which, accordingly, adopted tactics when pursued quite different from those of the snipe. The writer has himself been so fortunate as to witness a mortal combat between two snipes and two merlins, and it was noticeable that the snipes depended almost entirely upon their prodigious speed, the flight rising to no great altitude, which rendered them comparatively easy quarry for their assailants. The curlew, on the other hand, immediately on sighting the falcon begins to rise almost vertically, as few birds but the curlew can, with the result that the falcon experiences the greatest difficulty in getting in a straight blow. There is no doubt that many of the birds that fall to the falcon's swoop are faster in straight flight than the falcon itself, just as the hare is faster than the stoat to which it falls a helpless victim; and the only way in which the falcon scores over the more able of its quarry in the mastery of the air is in its powers of climbing. A falcon can rise faster than any other bird, and once above its object the speed of its swoop is so terrific that no feat of wings can evade it, and thus it may be taken that it is solely by its unrivalled powers of ascending and descending that the falcon stands unchallenged and unapproachable as a fighting machine of the air.—H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

MEAT FOR WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am not certain what attitude the Government is adopting as regards the maintenance of wild animals at the various zoological gardens in London and the Provinces, also in menageries (if such still exist). Are vast quantities of food still being squandered on the upkeep of useless and savage animals, such as lions, tigers and wolves, which are still looked upon as pests in the countries where they are indigenous, while our intelligent, affectionate and useful four-footed friend, the dog, is to starve? Surely, if such is the case, the wild beasts might be painlessly released from a life of captivity which can be nothing but a misery to them, and their share of food distributed among our dogs. I feel confident that any financial loss incurred by private individuals owing to the destruction of these wild animals would gladly be borne by the owners of the dogs whose more valuable lives were thereby prolonged.—E. PEEL.

SELF-SOWN POTATOES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though self-sown potatoes are usually removed when they make their appearance, one is sometimes tempted to let a promising root grow if not too inconveniently placed. This year there were several of these in different parts of my garden and allotment, and they practically all yielded very large tubers, whether few or many to the root. One head of Golden Wonder (a nice potato, but a small cropper) weighed 6lb., the largest tuber being just 1lb. King Edward's would probably have shown a higher figure, but the roots, unfortunately, were not separately weighed; one tuber was, however, just over 20 oz. This result is the more remarkable as the rows of potatoes planted with sound, well-sprouted seeds of the same kinds saved from last year's crops gave exceptionally poor yields. I wonder whether others of your readers have had a similar experience this year. Can you offer any explanation, and does it point to the desirability of sowing potatoes in the autumn, which is sometimes recommended?—HOWARD HODGKIN.

HEDGE-BRUSHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

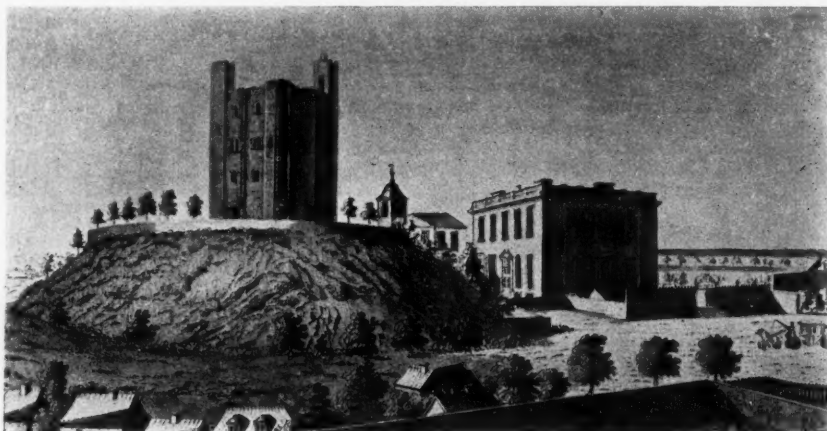
SIR,—I notice with alarm that women are being put to hedge-brushing. It is my belief that hedge-brushing has become a foolish fetish. The typical life-history of a quickset thorn hedge is that after careful planting, protection by expensive fencing and cleaning, the hedge when it comes to maturity is left naked to its enemies, who attack it above and below. Nettles, squitch and weeds of all kinds spring up round it and are allowed to keep the light and air from the lower stems; the quick throws up vigorous shoots above and healthy foliage to breathe with. Along comes man, between haying and harvest, and says "No you shan't," and slashes these off, too often hacking with a blunt weapon, leaving a horrible spectacle of bruised, split and broken stems as a witness against him. The answer is that hedges would get thin at the bottom if not brushed. I suggest that this is to a great degree a delusion. The plant gains so much in vigour by being allowed ample foliage that, though an untrimmed hedge may look top-heavy, it is really better furnished below than it would have been if it had been deprived of the new growth above. No plant likes having its young growth perpetually amputated. You can kill out bindweed by steadily removing the new shoots. It were better to leave a quick hedge alone two years out of three, but to clean the rubbish from its roots every year. No hedge should be brushed until the rubbish has been cleaned from its roots. In war-time hedges might for the first seven years be left untrimmed. Far be it from me to dogmatise. As has been well said of bayonet-fighting, "circumstances alter cases," and this is also true on the land. But women (in relation to all of God's creatures other than man) are by nature more violent and unsympathetic than men, and I do not think it wise to put into their untutored hands so cruel a weapon as the brushing hook.—N. LORING.

THE BURNING OF HEDINGHAM CASTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The great tower and keep of Hedingham Castle, on the northern border of Essex, has long been known to antiquaries, not only as one of the most perfect of its kind in this country, but for the ease with which every part of it was accessible for examination and study. Built apparently by the same engineer as the great tower of Rochester, early in the reign of King Stephen, it seems to have come down uninjured until early in the seventeenth century, when it was dismantled and begun to be taken down. But after the removal of its parapets and two of its corner turrets, and of the barbican covering its entrance, the work of destruction was continued only as far as the removal of the roof and wooden floors. The tower was but an empty shell on the purchase of the castle property in 1713 by Mr. Robert Ashurst, who built for himself the existing house in the outer bailey and fitted the tower with rough but effective floors and roof, and glazed the window openings. In this state the tower has come down to us, and, like myself, many visitors have no doubt wondered at the extraordinarily perfect condition of the masonry and of all the architectural details. A short time ago a wooden observation hut was built by the War Office on the top of the tower, and this by some mischance caught fire early in the morning of Monday, September 23rd. The soldiers in charge escaped by the staircase in the north-west corner, leaving the blazing hut to its fate. The fire soon spread to the tower roof, and then burnt its way down from floor to floor until the whole tower was gutted. By invitation of Mrs. Majendie I was able on the following day, in the company

of the Rev. Severne Majendie, to view the damage done. The tower is now accessible only by the staircase, which is undamaged, but, except for the falling off here and there of patches of the wall plaster, it is satisfactory to note that the stonework is apparently not in any way injured. So far



THE CASTLE, FROM AN OLD PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1764.

as I could see from the staircase and the hall gallery, which is also accessible, not a single projecting corner has been broken off; the great arch spanning the main floor is intact; and the beautiful fireplaces are quite unhurt. I understand that for various reasons no water could be got up to the roof, and no fire engines were available until the fire had practically done its work. Consequently the masonry has not suffered, as in other cases, by the pouring of cold water upon the heated stonework. So when the floors and roof shall have been restored, as we trust they will be, we shall be able once more to contemplate the architectural features of Hedingham great tower with the same pleasure as before the late fire.—WILLIAM ST. JOHN HOPE.

REPAIRING A DUCK DECOY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have got a duck decoy that has been out of use for several years. I am anxious to get it working again. Could any of your correspondents give me the name of an expert who could come and tell me what is required to put it in order and give me an estimate of the cost of putting it in thorough repair? I should be so glad to hear of one.—JULIA SMITH.

BEDOUIN WEAVING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a Bedouin girl making cloth for tents in Palestine. The material used is coarse woven thread of camel hair and wool, dyed or not, as desired; but if dyed, it is done with local vegetable dyes. The



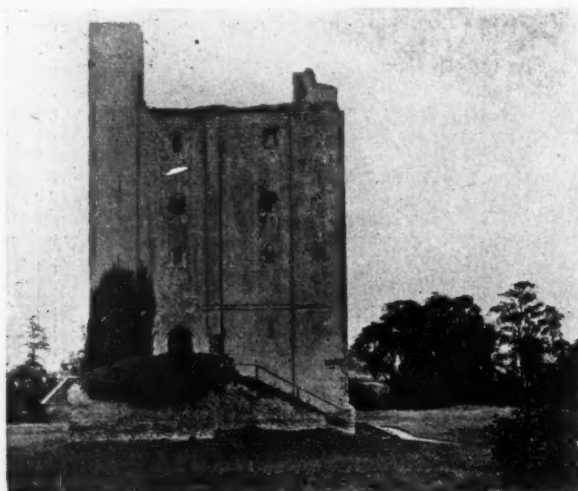
A BEDOUIN GIRL WEAVING CLOTH FOR TENTS.

method of weaving is, briefly, as follows: The thread is stretched round two pieces of wood at whatever distance apart the length of cloth is to be (in this case 20yds.) and pegged tight to the ground, giving an upper and under layer of threads. The girl then draws the spool between and pulls it tight with her big toe, and with the curved tip of horn of a Dorcas gazelle makes her stitches and presses her row tight by pulling a cross-piece of wool down between the unwoven threads in front. This Bedouin carpet, used for tents, will turn any rain and last for years.—M. P.

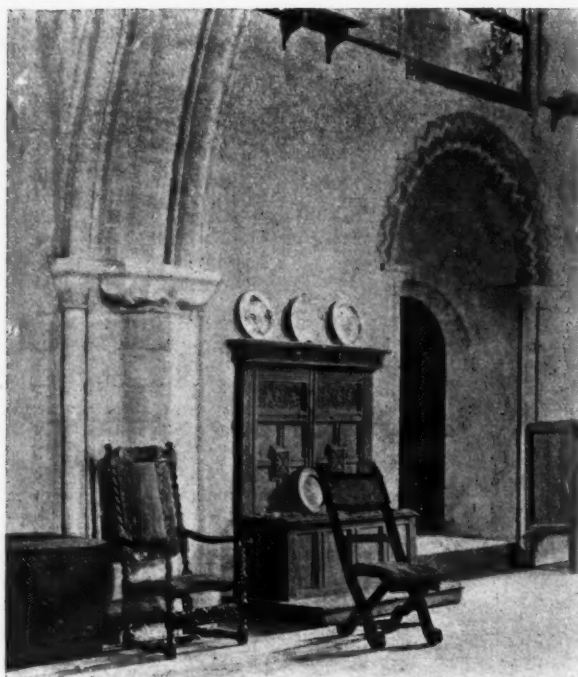
"PARTRIDGES AND FARMING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of the 7th ult. on "Partridges and Farming," it would be interesting to know how the partridges were cared for by the Scottish proprietor whose partridges have not done so well in the past few years. Have the vermin been strictly kept down? and has anything been done in the way of shifting the eggs over the ground, taking a few eggs out of nests at one end of the shooting and putting them into nests at the other end and vice versa? I know that on a great many shootings trapping for vermin is very much neglected, and keen shooting men should personally see that their keepers have their traps going all the year round, and should also see the bodies of the vermin they have killed. Partridges are left to look after themselves far too much.—J. B.



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TURF, STUD AND STABLE

THERE will be very real grief at Kingsclere, the famous village in Hampshire so distinguished in Turf history during the last fifty years and more, over the death last week of the seventh Viscount Falmouth. He was a fairly frequent visitor to the place where his well loved racehorses were trained by William Waugh, and all knew of him and understood the high plane on which he maintained his racing interests. His trainer will grieve for a long time to come, for there was a bond of genuine respect and affection between them. His conception of the thoroughbred horse was truly noble. His admiration of it found expression in ways which serve as an example for all. He never regarded it as an instrument for gambling on the racecourse; indeed, he hated the very idea, and shrunk from the possibility of ever being associated with it. You never read of his paying high prices for yearlings or, indeed, prices of any kind at public auction. His idea of best serving the highest interests of the breed and the sport was to breed and rear the young stock at home for the racecourse, and he was content with that alone. Fortune rewarded his quiet enthusiasms and his charming ideals.

Before he passed away so suddenly I could not have named an owner on the Turf so respected and honoured, one against whom a murmur of suspicion, criticism or unpleasant feeling was never raised. Perhaps it was because his old-world, courtly and exclusive nature was so inherently opposed to the publicity focussed on most men who figure prominently on what we call the Turf. The average man who went racing in the pre-war days scarcely knew him by sight. He was but a name to most men below his social station, and the successor to the far better known Lord Falmouth of racing fame. This seventh Viscount did not merely race because his father had raced with conspicuous success before him; he became a member of the Jockey Club and endeavoured to do his share in improving the moral of racing and the merit of the racehorse because he was sincerely devoted to both causes. But he preferred at all times to remain in the background, revelling in watching the month to month progress of the choice little group of mares and foals that graced his paddocks and then coming to watch them in later life, each endeavouring to justify its beautiful breeding and careful rearing.

His idea of racing, as I have said, was framed on the highest lines. Handicaps and selling plates had no attraction for him. Only the best races—those framed primarily for the breeder-owner, like the "classics" and weight for age events, for which the size of the entry fees was no deterrent—were alone good enough for his patronage. And it follows that only those places with traditions attached to them such as Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster, etc., were visited by his horses. He was the kindest-hearted man imaginable. He hated the thought that one of his horses should be asked to race too much, and the result was that they probably raced too little. With all his solicitude for his horses he also had extraordinary patience. Thus he insisted on Nature being allowed to bring the young ones to their proper maturity, and in this connection I am sure William Waugh will bear me out. A Falmouth-owned horse was never made to race merely on the off-chance of winning a paltry stake. If it was not good enough to remain in training and carry his colours, he would either dispose of it for breeding purposes or retain it for his own stud. Then he was extraordinarily insistent almost to the point of excess that his horses should not be punished by their jockeys. If they could not win without application of whip and spur, then he would rather they lost! I daresay a naturally lazy horse carrying his colours has more than once lost a good prize through observance of the injunction, but, after all, he was the owner who had the right to be obeyed. I remember how two years ago the jockey Clark greatly offended him by his treatment of Clarissimus when that horse was beaten for the Newmarket Stakes, and a little later when Willumsen was beaten at Newmarket. The jockey had transgressed against the rule, and he never rode again for him, though Lord Falmouth had treated him most generously after he had won the Two Thousand Guineas on Clarissimus.

It is curious, by the way, that the *Times* in its obituary notice of the late Viscount should have omitted any reference to the best horse he ever owned. This surely was Clarissimus, a fine chestnut son of Radium and Quintessence, which won the Two Thousand Guineas, as I have just stated. His dam Quintessence was also a fine mare, for she was never beaten in her six races, which included the One Thousand Guineas. Then I also recall the game little horse Amadis, which was a fine long distance performer. His victories included the Gold Vase at Ascot and the Doncaster and Jockey Club Cups. One of his victims at Doncaster was Roi Herode (the sire of The Tetrarch), who was thought to have a great chance. Belleisle came out as a two year old in 1911, and won all the four races for which she was started, but she did not train on as a three year old. All of these horses he bred himself, and, indeed, all the yearlings he sent each year to Kingsclere—they never numbered more than from half a dozen to ten—were bred in his paddocks at Mereworth in Kent. I hope his successor to the peerage, the Hon. Evelyn Hugh John Boscawen, will maintain the traditions of the good name on the Turf, and that we shall not experience a melancholy dispersal sale of the stallions Clarissimus (now at the Duke of

Portland's Welbeck stud) and Amadis, and the valuable mares, yearlings, and foals. Perhaps I should add that Lord Falmouth was greatly affected by the moral strain of the war. In his day he was a soldier of high distinction, but rather frail health at all times did not allow him to resume an active part. I do not think he had once visited a racecourse since the outbreak of war, but his broad-mindedness caused him to allow his horses to be trained and raced for a few of their engagements until a little while ago, and then, I believe, he made up his mind not to let his colours be carried again until the coming of peace. You must understand that he had lost two fine sons in the war, and the blows were really more than he could bear. I am sure they hastened the death of this most kind-hearted nobleman and very fine sportsman.

Turning now to other matters of the week, I may perhaps be permitted to touch on the unexpected defeat of the "Triple Crown" winner, Gainsborough, for the Jockey Club Stakes at the recent Newmarket meeting. It was, of course, a most unwelcome blow to his owner, Lady James Douglas, and his most able trainer, Alec Taylor. These things simply insist on happening, and there is really no explaining them. Had he and his conqueror, Prince Chimay, reproduced their September Stakes' form with a sort of mechanical consistency and precision, the tragedy of defeat would not have occurred. If one may indulge in speculation as to the cause of the upheaval, it is that the reversal was the outcome of Prince Chimay having steadily improved while the champion of the year had probably commenced to go stale, though the retrogression had not been apparent on the surface. Certainly the defeat would surprise a friend of mine who happens to be the proprietor of a very well known stud. He volunteered his opinion the other day that Gainsborough was another Isinglass, and that he preferred him as a horse to Gay Crusader and Pommern. I suggested that his half-length victory over Planet, when receiving 17lb. in midsummer, was not good enough for my conception of an Isinglass, admitting the deceptive lazy characteristics of the 1893 Derby winner, and that, furthermore, I would not give him preference over either Pommern or Gay Crusader. I think both the last named were relatively better horses, though, as I wrote recently, it is hard to give convincing reasons. And now there is this defeat by Prince Chimay, which may be a fine staying three year old, but is, nevertheless, some way removed from a horse of really high class.

Dramatic indeed was the scrambled neck victory of Diadem over five furlongs. This was, perhaps, too short a course for her, but at the same time the Cambridgeshire course will be too long for her with the big weight she must carry. My choice for the Cambridgeshire falls on Rivershore, especially after his dead-heat with Callander, which was receiving 5lb., and then the latter's defeat of Jack Point for the Newmarket St. Leger. Callander is an excellent stayer, and Rivershore's best distance is the Cambridgeshire course of nine furlongs. At that distance he had beaten Callander in a canter. As it was, he had to make all his own running, and in consequence was always running at a disadvantage. He will take a great deal of beating for the race on the 30th of this month, and I expect to see him, fit and well, start at a short price. Next week the Cesarewitch will be decided, and I cannot get away from the claims of He, a Santoi three year old which ought to have improved a lot between showing his smart form in the summer and now. St. Tudwal on form should be a formidable rival, but it is something to know that all associated with He are most extraordinarily confident. I have not the slightest fancy for Brown Prince under his big weight of 9st. 2lb.

A line as I close to note that Syndrian's sale, reported in COUNTRY LIFE a week ago, has been confirmed. The purchase was not for the National Stud, but for Lord Dunraven's. The statement that the horse might be intended for the National Stud was made on the authority of Mr. S. B. Joel himself. PHILLIPPOS.

Strategic Geography of the Great Powers, by Vaughan Cornish, D.Sc. (George Philip and Son, 2s. net.)

THE author, Dr. Vaughan Cornish, has lectured on the above subject before the various arms of the Sister Services and has amplified his lectures to form an apposite and timely book. Strategic geography may be defined as the science that describes the topographical conditions which contribute to a nation's safety, and the author is an expert in explaining the geographical reason why in this connection. The value of the Kiel and Panama Canals to their respective owners is elaborated here, the latter being the key of the Pacific, and this makes one wish for a similar canal across Scotland, *i.e.*, capable of transporting a battle fleet from the North Atlantic to the North Sea, or *vice versa*. The book is illustrated with three coloured maps, and two useful appendices are added.

Eastern Exploration Past and Future, by W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Constable, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS little book is the elaboration of a series of lectures on Eastern exploration delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, who is acknowledged to be a world-renowned authority on the subject. It is a plea for immediate strict conservation so that the "martyrdom of history" may be forestalled by active inspection. The author suggests that handsome rewards should be given so as to attract discoveries and to encourage careful and complete research in lieu of the sometimes careless methods adopted.